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To Ada & wife
from

Arthur.
1-16-36.

1/2 Ste. of Mar.

MY MOTHER
OR
Home Scenes
IN YORKSHIRE.
By
Annie Ward.

MY MOTHER;

OR,

HOME SCENES IN YORKSHIRE.



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Dedicated

to

MY FOND AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

ROBERT WADSWORTH.



P R E F A C E .

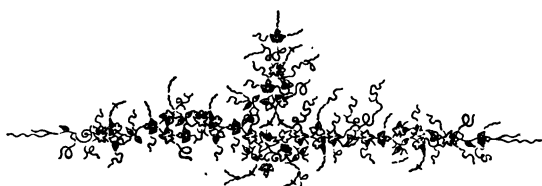
THE little Work here presented to the public, has been written with much real pleasure. The story is a true one. With every character portrayed in it, the writer is well acquainted, and by travelling again over the scenes of her happy childhood, she has been gladdened with the endearing remembrance of a fond father and mother.

A gentleman, whom the writer well knew, said, in the year 1830, that "the Yorkshire people were a generation behind;" and another, at a later period, that "they were *three* generations behind." However unmerited those assertions may be, they form a ground upon which the writer ventures more boldly to solicit the reader's in-

dulgence for any inaccuracies or short-comings in her work. The reader who may be unacquainted with village life, should know that it is simple. Both in town and country there is always an admixture of good and evil; but wherever man's lot is cast, there is a small voice speaking within, prompting him to what is right, compliance with which preserves him from much evil. The tender root has been laid deep in the heart; it will bud and blossom, and make glad the latter years, and he can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

A. WADSWORTH WARD.

HASTINGS, *June 30th*, 1866.



CHAPTER I.





HERE are few ties and associations so sweet, or so enduring, as those which are formed in childhood and early youth ; nor is there anything surprising in this. The heart in those days is naturally warm, the affections lively and ardent ; self-interest and self-love have neither chilled the one, nor contracted the other. Disappointment has awakened no caution, nor treachery aroused suspicion ; all is believed, all confided, every thought is expressed,

We may form strong attachments in after years, but none of them will efface the endearing reminiscences of our first, and it may be our freshest, highest, and holiest affections.

It is my intention in this little volume to depict some of those scenes and recollections of childhood and youth; and what better and holier work could a woman be engaged in, than in recording the recollections of home, and an affectionate mother?

Who has not felt the power and influence of home, long after leaving it?

“That home, a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest.”

Cannot some of my readers remember the pain they felt when they were first transplanted from their native soil, when the living branch was cut from the parent tree, as one of the most poignant which they have ever had to endure through life? There are often griefs which wound more deeply,

leave behind them scars never to be effaced, bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being beloved, and the utter sense of desolation, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, "pushed off upon the stream of life."

It is mid-winter. It seems but the other day that spring opened upon us with flowers and music, but the scene has changed; the months have rolled on, summer has succeeded to spring, autumn to summer, and now stern winter reigns supreme on his throne of clouds.

" See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

The winter just referred to (1827), had been unusually severe throughout England, and particularly in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, where my tale commences. The snow had fallen so heavily as to

render the roads impassible, until at length a way for traffic had to be cut through. The trees, covered with snow, and glittering in the morning sun, presented a beautiful appearance.

I never see a snow-storm but I am reminded of the poetic language of

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot;
To melt and to sink unseen, or forgot,
And then will my course be ended?"
'Twas thus a feathery snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it stray'd,
Or as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seem'd in mid air suspended.

"Oh! no," said the earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form,
Not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

“And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea;
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or ought of thy spotless whiteness:
To melt and be cast in a glittering bead,
With pearls that the night scattered over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

“Or would'st thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the iris—I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes,
A pencil of sunbeam is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shall recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending.”

“Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake,
“But bear in mind that the choice I make.
Is not in the flowers, or the dew to awake;
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning.
For things of thyself they expire with thee,
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

“And if true to thy word, and just, thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.

For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the flake of snow,
By the promise that God hath given."

The fourth of February came, which was my birthday ; I had completed my eighth year ; and as it was a custom in our part of the country to keep such days as feast days, I invited a great number of my juvenile friends and neighbours to a tea party, in celebration of the event.

Mary Chapman was the daughter of a neighbour, and her birthday also happened on the fourth of February ; our birthdays were therefore kept alternately at each other's houses ; this year it was kept at mine.

Things were done grandly on such occasions ; an ounce of green tea was purchased expressly, (and green tea at that time was eight shillings a pound,) and two pounds of loaf sugar.

Currants, and every thing requisite, were added to make what we called a spice-loaf ; and certainly,

spice-loaves were something to cut at ; they were about the size of a peck loaf.

Then there were also biscuits, and several sorts of cheese-cakes—plain cheese-cakes, lemon cheese-cakes, and currant cheese-cakes ; besides which we had, what are called in Yorkshire, white cakes : and it was really a goodly sight to see those cakes piled up on four plates, one at each corner of the table.

A dish of hot ham next came steaming out of the oven, followed by about a dozen plain cakes and double cakes.

I remember my father, dear man, calling out to me in the morning about making those double cakes, and telling me that he had brought a jack of rum from Beverley, to put two or three drops into each.

My mother persisted in calling them “Matrimony cakes.” This was the process they went through,—they were made round, currants were placed in the middle, and after being baked they

were cut open, and nice fresh butter put between them, as also a few drops of rum ; the room being filled with the fragrance, if it may be so called, of the spirit.

We seated ourselves around the table, and the feast began, mother sitting at the head, looking so happy under the influence of happy faces, and a cup of delicious green tea.

Those happy gatherings, what an influence they have over us, and what a contrast they were to the generality of London gatherings of the same kind.

Some of the matrons of the neighbourhood were invited to share the comfort of the younger branches of the party. I fancy I can see them now, dressed out in best cap and gown, with aprons white as snow—the full-bordered cap setting them off to advantage.

Picture a long dining table, only opened about three times during the year. We could squeeze about fifteen children at each side of the table on

forms, the mothers managing to be very comfortably seated on chairs.

It is pleasant to call to mind now those sunny faces. Through my life's journey I have seen many thousands. Some I have learned to love very dearly, but the recollections of the happy gatherings on our birthdays have always claimed a predominant place. How well I remember the eighth birthday. What a number of children the large hall was capable of holding. It was full. There were bright blue eyes, black eyes, and gipsy looking faces, dimpled chins, and real, genuine, happy smiles. The little forms, trim and sprightly, little feet never lagging wearily, and I, being the heroine of the day, they would look up to me, the light in their eyes grow brighter, and the smile of their faces grow sweeter. How good and kind too of the good old dames. They would romp and play; and a good old neighbour used to bring his fiddle, and play at "kiss in the ring," and squeak his fiddle when the handkerchief was dropt; and

told the little ones it meant, "kiss me, kiss me." What sweet innocent pastime ! What a large good heart that man had ! Some on his knee, others clambering up his back, he would take it so quietly and easily. How sweetly loving words fall on the ears of children, indeed to all. They fall amid the jarring confusion, and discord of life. They make us forget sometimes the cares and sorrows which oppress us, and turn our thoughts to purer and better things.

There was deep thought on my mother's expressive countenance as she sat after tea, watching the group before her. Perhaps even painful visions were occupying her reflective mind. She often said, while her children were around her, and she could care for them, that she was happy. Her affection for them was very strong, but the moment of trial would come.

About half-past six the husbands were expected, and tea was prepared for them ; were they not worthy too ? We had some good singers, and after

tea, when all were comfortably seated, they would begin—the leading singer with his large fiddle, and another man with a smaller one, and never did hearts beat with more delight at Exeter Hall, than did those little hearts that night, as the men with their deep rich bass, raised their voices, and the little ones followed, so strangely varying in feature and expression, no two alike. It does one good to remember how the light of heaven shone out of their eyes. The roses come and go on their sweet cheeks, and smiles and dimples seem to be playing at “hide and seek,” or, “puss in the corner.” They had a very grand way of employing music on those festive occasions. Surely music is intended for our delight, and as far as it lay in their power, it was cultivated.

After singing, there were apples and pears to be disposed of, and then the church clock sounds the hour of eight, the guests depart, and as they each turn up their faces for a kiss, the exclamation is, “May I come next year, Annie?” What animation

and pleasure has been theirs this evening ; they will not forget it.

My mother (Mrs. Wadsworth) had to go and see a sick neighbour, we had, therefore, permission to sit up until her return, my brother and sister and myself, gathered round the bright glowing fire.

My brother, who had seated himself between us two girls, began to tell us that at our father's death we should be very rich.

How such an idea could have entered that worthy's head was to me always a mystery.

"When that comes to pass," said he, "I shall have four hundred pounds, and you will have one hundred each."

"And what will you do with it, Willie?" said both of us simultaneously and with breathless anxiety.

Opening his large, blue eyes, larger than ever, he replied, "I shall buy a horse and gig as big as Frankie's, (Frankie was one of the largest farmers

in the neighbourhood,) and you and Ju, my sister's pet name, can go to London, and buy such a fine house."

This announcement seemed a wonder of wonders to us.

When it was to come off—he could not explain, but changed the subject by asking us, as he pointed out through the window, if we could see a ghost.

We had, you must know, many traditional ghost-stories current. We fancied we heard a noise, and became frightened, but our brother's eyes twinkled merrily.

As we sat there we should not have made a bad picture, fear and dread being depicted on the faces of Ju and myself.

My brother began to make the most unearthly noises, to resemble, as he wished us to believe, some ghost or other, and he asked us again if we saw any thing.

The idea of such a sum as a hundred pounds had

taken such possession of my mind that I began castle building at once ; but ere any great height had been reached they were toppled down in a moment by the entrance of father and mother, and we received orders to retire for the night.

I remember looking very hard at my father before I left the room, and thinking him a very wonderful man, to be in possession of six hundred pounds.

I said, mentally, as I left, " Willie will have four, and I shall have one,—go to London and have a fine house!"

This sum of money was to be like the widow's cruse of oil, never exhausted.

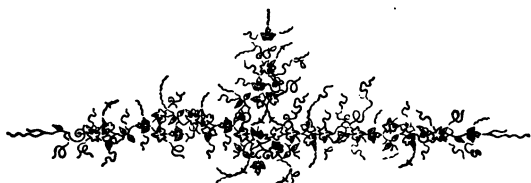
I went to bed full of it, dreamt about it, and asked my brother on the following morning when we might be likely to expect it, and the answer I received was :—

" Why silly thing, not till father dies !"

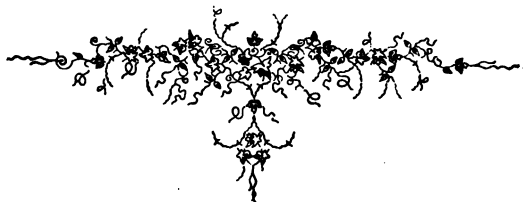
When I found I was to lose father before I could gain the money, all my hopes and desires vanished,

for I would not have lost so dear a being for a thousand times that sum.

Well may I remember then my eighth birthday, in connection with the hundred pounds, to me an apparently inexhaustible amount, my brother's horse and gig, and my fine house in London !



CHAPTER II.







 HERE is no influence that can give the same tone and colour to life as that of home! Perhaps there is no word in any language that clusters within it so many and such stirring meanings, and calls into play so many feelings and faculties of our being. Home! say but the word, and the child who was your merry guest begins to weep. Home! murmur but its name, and around it start memories that put fire into the brain, affections that almost

under her chin, they used to give her a large white handkerchief which she kept continually folding and unfolding, talking and mumbling to herself the while.

She must have been born as early as 1720.

I afterwards wished I could have heard more of her history. She could have told some wonderful tales of the letter post of those days, and its exorbitant charges, tho' I recollect something about father having his letters, "franked," as he used to call it.

I once asked my mother what she wore at her marriage, and she told me of a robbery that had been committed in the open day at the very time.

"I had made" she said, "a beautiful dress bonnet, and bought a pair of bran new silk stockings, for which I paid seven shillings, in truth both your father and I had made everything ready for the wedding, and the very house we are now living in was furnished with three pair of home spun linen sheets, four blankets, (it is very cold here in winter) and a real feather bed. Your father had

stowed his wages away in Beverley bank, and I had made these payments with my own money. Alas! It wanted but three days to our marriage, and I was at work at farmer Pettitt's; when a boy came running up to me and said 'Oh! Miss, somebody's broke into your house ——'"

My mother here became quite hysterical but she nevertheless continued to speak.

"I ran home," she resumed, and sure enough my bran new stockings had been stolen, and your father's silver watch which cost six golden guineas, six silver tea spoons, a pair of solid silver sugar-tongs, two guineas, and many other things of less value."

"Your father was sent for, and the loss of his watch deeply grieved him. Ah! it was a cruel robbery—it had taken twelve long months to earn those little treasures, and then to lose them in such a manner was very sad."

Mother then went on to say that she had a presentiment who it was who had stolen them, but

my father said he would not like to find them out.

"I would rather let it rest," said he, "I should not like to think one of our neighbours would do such a thing, and if it is a tramp, he must be far away before this."

So my mother had to keep her presentiment to herself, but it was hard work—

She was right however, and told my father in triumph afterwards, but he said they would be punished enough—so they were.

Poor father! he never had another watch. He must have been very handsome at that time; my mother said she was very proud of him.

Mother was what was termed a town's woman, which meant that she had been born in Hull, she was consequently more refined than our villagers in general, she was very tall, well-informed on many subjects, honest and industrious—and was indeed my father's right-hand.

After the birth of my eldest brother, my mother foreseeing that the increased expenditure in house-

hold affairs would not agree exactly with the *not*-increased wages of my father, she took it into her head to keep a school ; and I have heard her say that before the end of the first month she was making twelve shillings a-week, and on Saturday she would visit several of the farms and bring work, dress-making, home with her, with which she employed her evenings.

Now let me sketch my father's portrait ; heavy half-boots and blue worsted stockings to begin with ; corduroy small clothes, and leggings or whatever name you may give them, a white linen shirt, a red handkerchief with a thick pad inside, to tie round his neck, a cloth waistcoat, and a fustian jacket. Such was his rough exterior.

But a priceless gem lay under this rugged covering of fustian and what not.

He would not pay half-a-farthing more than he owed, nor would he take half-a-farthing more than he earned, but he would give freely to the poor if it was wanted.

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"Come in," he would often say to the shivering beggar, "come in, and have a sup o' warm broth."

He could not have eaten his dinner if that poor brother or sister had been turned from the door.

My mother always agreed with him in these kind actions, for she well knew that the generous sympathy he continually evinced towards his fellow man was founded upon his Bible and its Author. His face beaming almost always with a smile, spoke the feelings of his heart, diffusing its softening influence upon all around.

How strangely pain and pleasure are mingled in the remembrance of those happy Yorkshire days.

Now, father in Sunday trim was another man altogether; that is to say externally.

Drab small clothes, beautiful cloth, angola stockings, gaiters to match breeches, brightest and blackest of shoes, dark cloth coat and waistcoat, fine broad-cloth he would say; a black silk hand-

kerchief with the pad, never forgotten, and the finest and whitest of linen shirts, with one tuck and pearl buttons.

Such was the Sunday appearance of my worthy sire—the very ideal, the personification of the “good old English gentleman.”

By the time I was eight years of age I had worked, on white crape with brown silk, our register, including the names of my father and mother—their ages—the date of their marriage—and the ages of their children, it was then taken to Hull, put up in a pretty black frame, and hung up so that every one could see that there was no deception in our family.

But strange and unlooked for events occurred in the very year the register was finished. Another child made its appearance in the shape of a brother; he certainly caused great confusion, but there seemed to be no such thing as sending him back. I must confess I felt a little jealous at first, but have had much cause to love him since. I had the

little fellow to nurse, and, at this period of my existence, began my life in right earnest.

I will give you some idea of how I began.

"Ann!" this was my mother addressing me.

"Yes! mother," me replying.

"Do you think you can milk?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, you shall try then."

A pause.

"Ann!"

"Yes, mother."

"Mind the cow doesn't kick you, your father will go with you."

Away we go then to milk the cow—I manage to hopple her—Father praises me—I milk without an accident—Father tells me to be sure and strap her well, or else it will spoil her—I finish, and as I leave I take my pretty cow round the neck and kiss her, calling her loving names all the while—Then I give her a little more sweet hay—and—cry for joy.

My readers must not think that my pretty cow was anything like the poor cows in London, it was really and truly kept as clean as hands and clean straw could keep it, never could a spot of dirt be seen upon either our cows or pigs.

Well, I got on famously, and was lauded as a good girl. At this time I could knit a pair of stockings in three days, or make a shirt and put it together, for you see we were made to work as soon as ever we could use our fingers.

I next took the butter to market for my mother.

"Yes," said she, "you may as well do it, Ann, it will be a great saving; a penny a-pound by the carrier makes a great hole in one's pocket."

My eldest brother was now sent to school; my mother indeed kept a school, but she could do nothing with him.

Wawne had been without a schoolmaster for some time, but at last one made his appearance in the shape of an old man, sixty years of age at the least, but, alas! he was the wrong man altogether,

for instead of being master of the boys, the boys soon became master of him ; my brother and some others conspired to "bar him out," however, their plot was never executed.

I went constantly to market now, and became a person of the greatest importance.

"Ann," said my mother one day, "you may make some curds, if you think you can, as many as you can carry to market, and you may have the money to buy your clothes with.

Now you might have seen me with a large pan, and about four gallons of milk in it, carefully simmering it upon the fire, and the snowy curds rising nicely to the surface.

And then the money all my own too—I never thought of the weight I had to carry five miles.

So at five in the morning in summer I was milking, I had to walk half a mile to the field where the cows were, and to be back home by six, so as to start to market by seven.

It was a pretty sight to see my cow; if she was at the other side of the field I had but to call her, when away she would come, running to me as fast as legs could bring her, and then I rewarded her with a bit of linseed cake.

She was a dear old cow, a beautiful creature, and often she would hold down her neck to be kissed and caressed.

After breakfast I start for Hull, walking five miles with two heavy baskets, and am consequently tired, but console myself that I shall not have a load to return with.

I meet a neighbour at the market who lets me stand beside her with my two baskets, and the people come and look at my butter and say:—"What a little lass to be sure." Then Betty stands up for me. "Yes!" says she, "but a very good lass, though." I get rid of my stock at a surprising rate; I suppose because I was such a "little lass" as they said. I am "sold out" by eleven o'clock, make a few purchases, and start off

home. I call at my grandmother's on the road, and she refreshes me with a cup of tea, and calls me a "poor bairn," dear old lady ! Now I trot off home, looking a dozen or more times at the corner of my pocket handkerchief, in which the one shilling and seven pence obtained for my curds is tied up, and at another corner, in which is tied the money obtained for my butter, to make sure that it is not spirited away. However, I get home with the money quite safe, and mother calls me a good girl.

"Ann !"

"Yes, mother."

"You must try and help me in the school ; you can spell well now, and read very nicely ; besides, you have got to your second copy-book ; you can take a lesson every afternoon at three o'clock, after the others have finished, and by taking great pains you will get to be a good scholar, and between us we can improve the children,—in their speech I mean." As I have before remarked, my mother

was a town's woman, and consequently had not the coarse accent of the people around—she spoke very elegantly compared with them.

I did become of great assistance to her in the school, and she said afterwards that she did not know what she should have done without me.

My brother, meanwhile, went to school as before stated, and made rapid progress, although the schoolmaster was such an old man: he had about twenty-five scholars; my mother had thirty at the least.

My youngest brother was nearly two years old when another young one entered upon the scene, making, as you may guess, my labour much heavier. In summer I generally rose from half-past four to five, and by dint of exertion had finished by nine, and was ready to enter the school-room with my mother.

My tears flow fast at the recollection of that happy time! my hand trembles, and I am fain to lay down my pen!

Circumstances which have yet to be related will show that I have every reason to cherish fondly the memories of my early home, for, indeed, the duties first impressed upon my mind were to love, honour, and obey both God and my parents.

I was a tall, thin girl, dressed in a style that would be designated a "fright" now-a-days—black knitted worsted stockings, ancle straps, blue frock spotted with yellow, and a brown holland pinafore, completed my attire.

My mother never had any real trouble in her family ; not a black sheep in her flock—and she had a good husband who neither did wrong nor looked wrong. If she could have foreseen half of that which we should have to go through and contend with, it would have seemed to her more than could be borne. Her aim was, I know, to make us all happy, but, as she would say, we must be God's children ere we can be truly happy. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was the

golden rule by which my mother governed her family, both in theory and practice.

The nights when I used to sit up in my little old-fashioned bedroom, poring over books that I could not get at in the day, such as "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," or the writings of some other eminent man, now shine out clear and distinct to my memory. Novels we never saw; and it would be well if such pernicious literature were as rarely to be met with in the present day.

At half-past eight we all knelt down on the brick floor, and my father would pour out his soul in thanksgiving for the mercies of the past day.

My mother often remained up till eleven o'clock, finishing some dress, and I would stay with her, and when she had finished, make her a cup of hot coffee, and then go up stairs content and happy, but could not forego my reading.

So weeks and days pass on, when my brother Robert is taken ill of a fever, which left a disease

in his eye, causing him great irritation, and much anxiety to my mother. Otherwise he was healthy, though not strong. My youngest brother was a fine boy, and they all grew up industrious and sober.

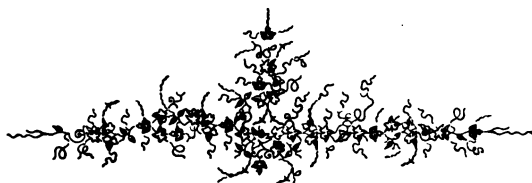
The poor people were so open-hearted and so little versed in the most ordinary attempts at deceit. They acquainted themselves with each other, good humour always prevailing ; they walk, talk and sing without fear or suspicion ; all creation looks beautiful ; there is a feeling of confidence, and the thought of treachery and dissimulation never wakes in their bosoms. I never saw a tipsy man. They were content to work hard all day, and do their bit "o' gardening o' nights."

The bright gladsome day, when in the fields or at the plough, gave a charm and cheerfulness to their life ; the birds singing in spring, and their continued carolling in the beautiful summer. There is a majesty about the peaceful, beautiful spot of daily toil. No fierce passions haunt the sober

husbandman. In the open fields, nothing seems to stand between him and his God.

I still milked, made curds and butter, took them to market, and taught in the school.

My eldest brother was now taken from school and apprenticed. He grew up to be a clever workman, and at this time owns considerable property as the reward of his exertions and honest industry.



CHAPTER III.

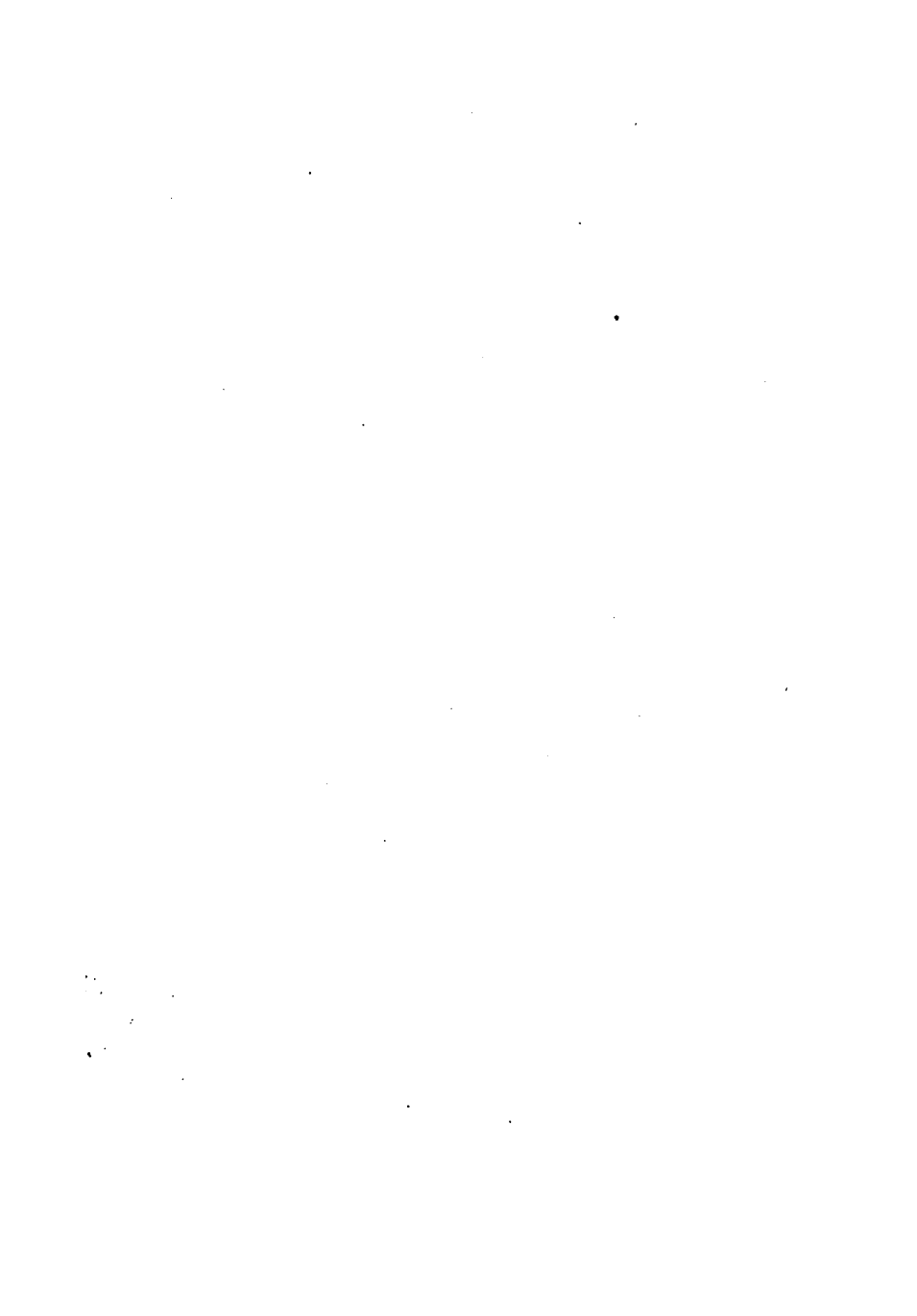


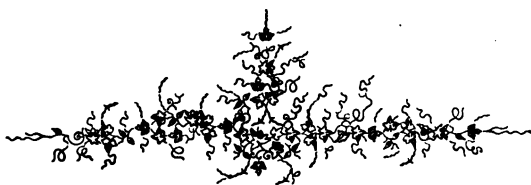




I MUST describe our old house and village. The street door was in the middle, a sitting room on one side, a parlor on the other above these were bedrooms, and over the bedrooms were garrets. No end of dark nooks and corners here and there, seemingly for no other purpose than the harbouring of ghosts, in the existence of which uncomfortable phenomena I had, as a child, the most implicit faith.

If it happened that I had to fetch coals after dark, my sister always came with me to hold the





CHAPTER III.



until the next feast came round. Goodbye Mary, goodbye Jane, and the honest and heartfelt, "God bless you," were the parting words, and if one neighbour said, "my poor Bairn couldn't come," she received plenty of sympathy.

I am now fourteen years of age, and a strong feeling yearns within me, I should like to see London. What sort of a place could it be! Paved with gold? I kept my thoughts to myself—nursed, and cherished them. I dreamed of London, and thought of the hundred pounds, but was afraid to say anything, as I could not have it until my father died. I thought too, I should make sufficient by my curd-money, and then it would not be so wicked.

What a many things have come to pass as I then pictured them. Hour after hour would fly so quickly. I have sought the church-yard, and there sat in deep thought until the lengthening shadows of the beautiful evening would fall around me, everything seeming to harmonise so well with my

feelings. The extreme silence seemed to press on my heart, but scarcely anyone could or would appreciate that silence so much as myself. The merry laughter of romping children were all hushed in sleep, all things breathing seemed to have concerted silence. There was neither the lowing of herds, nor the grunting of pigs ; not one of the thousand rural sounds fell on the ear. Everything has fallen into absolute repose. I start as I hear a footstep ! It is my mother come to tell me to go to bed. But she too lingers and looks on the lonely scene before her, and prayed that God would guide me in the way he would have me to go. My conscience smote me. It seemed as though she had read my thoughts, and she repeated those beautiful lines,

“The rapid tide of youth will soon be o’er,
And years shall land thee on life’s hazy shore,
There with applause would’st thou perform thy part
With virtue’s precepts now enrich thy heart,—
First at religion’s shrine devoutly bend,—
And early make thy Guardian God, thy Friend.”

How mild and gentle she looked as she spoke of the slippery paths of youthful days, and should affliction come and cloud our early days, the anguish of the heart would be softened if I looked up to God. He chastened in love the vain desires of the erring heart, but he would softly guide us through the temptations and snares of youth ; and then we should see that religion,

“Calmed every troubled thought, and sweetly show
The placid joys that from her council flow,
Kept by the hand of her unceasing power
In safety should we pass each dangerous hour.
And when thine early days their course have sped,
And all the fleeting dreams of youth are fled,
In age mature, thy breast will calmly glow
With peaceful joy, and all the hopes that flow
From conscious rectitude, from wisdom’s ways,
A life devoted to thy Maker’s praise !
Then, when this fleeting scene of life is o’er,
Shall calm reflection gild thy evening hour,
Chase the dark gloom of hoary age away,
And cheer thy path to Heaven’s eternal day.”

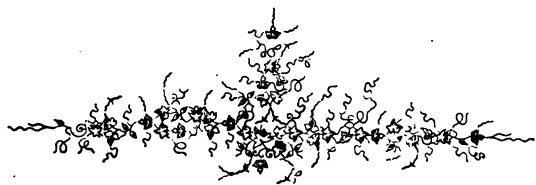
We walked in, peaceful and happy. I then went up stairs to my own little room. I here spent many a sunny hour, rejoicing in my own solitude, and at

times utterly oblivious of every thing and every body. There seemed something in the future for me I could not define, I saw a long, long way into the happy future, but my compass was small. I saw and felt something but I could not comprehend it. We see such days but once in our lives. Never do we feel such trust and hope as when we are young, for as the years roll along, we step but to stumble, we rise but to fall again, to-day a tear of sorrow, to-morrow a tear of joy.

Nearly all of us have at one time experienced the loss of a dear relative or friend, who has looked upon us with much love and affection, and we feel very sad that their loved and loving faces will never more surround us; our temptations and trials must henceforth be borne alone, and although we may feel prostrated as blow after blow seems to strike us, by prayer we may buckle on our armour afresh, and fight the battle of life bravely; then, when a dear and loved one leaves us, we can say with resignation:—

"Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of Life whose fruit is love.

"Farewell, we leave thee to thy rest ;
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we from bonds of clay released
Spring out—and climb the shining road."



CHAPTER IV.





I HAVE wandered away from my happy childhood.

About the year 1820, there had been great divisions among the followers of John Wesley ; new chapels were built, and those who divided were called the Methodist New Connexion.

For many years there had been but one service on Sundays in the church, and the good people were not content.

A subscription was raised, and a small chapel was built a mile and a half from our house. A farmer of

the neighbourhood took the lead in every thing ; his name was Smith, and the two Misses Smith gave notice that they should open a Sunday School, and teach the children themselves. The school must have been opened when I was about six years of age, as I can just remember its being opened for service.

It was at the pretty little village of Melsa, famous for its abbey built between the years 1136 and 1156, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle. He was a nobleman who had made a vow to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, but an increasing corpulency had incapacitated him from any active enterprise. His vow however pressed upon his conscience, and he took the advice of his confessor on the possibility of commuting it by the performance of some meritorious penance.

At the recommendation of this ecclesiastic, he was induced to found a Cistercian Monastery ; and a Monk of Fountain's Abbey, named Adam, celebrated equally for his piety and his architectural

skill, being consulted, selected for the sight of the building an eminence in the beautiful hamlet of Melsa, which was a berewich at the time of the Domesday survey, belonging to Drago de Beuresse. The choice did not please the Earl, for it was a favourite situation which he intended to convert into a park, as it was surrounded by woods and lakes, and had but lately come into his possession by exchange, he therefore desired the monk to reconsider the matter. He did so, and his former resolution was confirmed. Striking his staff into the ground, and looking on the scene before him, which, through a broad avenue of lofty trees terminated in a noble view of the Humber, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This place shall in future be called the door of life, the vineyard of heaven, and shall for ever be consecrated to religion and the service of God."

The buildings were soon erected under the superintendence of Adam, and a splendid edifice arose in the wood, adorned with stately pinnacles and

towers, and enriched with tessellated pavements. The old Earl peopled it from Fountain's Abbey, and endowed it with competent lands, rents, and revenues, not only in the lordship of Melsa, with the adjoining wood of Rutha, but also in Waghen, where the abbot afterwards built a wool-house, roofed with lead, with the advowson of the church; and a free passage over the Hull and to Paul when going or returning with goods; and also lands in Saltage, Thurleton, Mora, Octena, Blanche-marle, Wherra, Schira, &c., with common of pasture, courts, &c., quit of all service and exactions. These extensive grants were subsequently confirmed by Hawisie, the Earl's daughter, and ratified by successive charters of the Kings Stephen and John. Adam was constituted the first abbot, and the number of monks was fifty. They were Cistercians, an order modified from the austere principles of Benedict, and professing the utmost simplicity. This order soon attained the reputation of being exceedingly wealthy, and they did actually possess such

enormous influence, that they extorted from Pope Innocent an exemption from payment of tithes, and the grant of various exclusive privileges.

The original words are these:—"Hic locus, nempe vocitetur aula regis . . . etiam veneaque cœli portaque vitu, gens hic creatur Christico larum."

Numerous donations and grants of rents, revenues, and annuities, enriched this institution, amongst which the following stand prominent. A charter of free warren in Melsa, North Grange, Rue, Waghen, Fishons, Thurlesthorp, Salthage, La More, Skiren, Blanchemarle, Wharrand, Ruton, Dunelton, Arwhale, Ottringham, Crauncewgh, Heytfield, Oketon, Dalton, Warke, Sutton, Dringhoe, Erghum, Oustwyk, Ake, Molescroft, Raventhorp, and Reverse, was given to the abbey by King Edward I. The most ancient Jewish charter we know of in this kingdom, was given to the abbot and convent of Melsa, by Aron, the celebrated Jew of Lincoln. It is a release; and a fine of one mark was paid

to the king that it might be entered in the great roll.

A royal patent was granted by Henry III, authorising the archbishop to let to fee farm the manor of Hillum to the abbot of Melsa, and another in the succeeding year to the abbot enabling him to take it.

About this time, William of Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, gave to the abbey a windmill and a watermill at Brough; and Clement the chaplain assigned to it a windmill at Seeton, in Holderness. Henry de Hull, and Agnes the daughter of Thursten of Hull, endowed the abbey with lands and rents for the salvation of their souls. Matild Camin conveyed to the monks oxgangs of land in Wyk de Miton, and pasture for eight hundred sheep, together with certain tofts, fisheries, salt pans, and the appurtenances, and all liberties and free customs thereto belonging; which was confirmed by several papal bulls and royal charters. Richard de Ottringham assigned to the monks several hundred acres of land, with other property in Ottringham

Drypool, Thurlsethorp, Well, and Sutton, to establish a perpetual chantry, on condition that they provided seven priests to perform daily masses in a certain messuage for his own soul, and those of his kindred and ancestors ; the chantry was subsequently removed into the porch of the abbey church.

In the reign of Edward I, a negociation was commenced between the abbots of Melsa and Grimsby, respecting an exchange of lands for their mutual convenience ; and a royal patent was issued for enabling the abbot of Willow or Grimsby to hold the manor of Wheelshy, within the liberties of the borough of Grimsby, which had been granted to the abbot of Meaux by Henry III. Soon afterwards the terms were settled for the exchange of lands on the river Hull, which the abbot of Grimsby agreed to assign, together with an annual rent of £20 13s. 4d. in lieu of the said manor of Wheelshy. The transfer was not finally made till several years after. In 1353, the abbots of Meaux made a fine

of 40s. to the king, for a license enabling him to transfer the said manor and lordship to the abbot and convent of Wellow, and the exchange was fully confirmed by King Richard II.

Added to all these munificent donations, the monks of Melsa were quit of all pleas of murder, from taxes and tithes, and from all royal exactions; they were exempt from suit and secular service, and endowed with *sec* and *soc*, that and therein, *enfaugthef* and *ulfaugthef*, and all the same laws, customs and immunities, enjoyed by the church of St. Peter at York. In these early times the lands and other property belonging to the abbey were subjected to heavy devastations from the violence of the tides. In 1256, an extraordinary influx of the sea overflowed the whole eastern coast of England, extending to the fisheries and woods of Cottingham, belonging to the woods of Melsa, and swept away numbers of people, and many herds of cattle.

It also washed into the Humber a considerable quantity of land which the abbot had in Myton,

and which was never afterwards regained. About the same time the monks had formed the design of building a grange on their land at Salthage, and actually commenced the fabrick ; but the frequent inundation of the Humber having washed away a considerable portion of land near it, they were under the necessity of abandoning their design, and built their grange at a greater distance from the water, and out of the reach of its devastations. These losses, periodically sustained, at length reduced the value of their land to a mere nominal figure, wholly inadequate to the wants of the institution, which soon became deeply involved in debt from the practice of hospitality, and the expenses of its maintenance. In 1346, therefore, the Archbishop was petitioned for assistance and relief. The allegations of this petition being considered and found correct, a charter was granted by William de Zouch, Archbishop of York, "being at length overcome," as he expressed it, "by their daily importunity," appropriating to the abbot and con-

vent the valuable living of Esington, with all its rights, appurtenances and dependences ; reserving a small portion of the profits as a stipend for a vicar to serve the church, and a collection thereof to the archbishop, and his successors for ever.

The arms of the abbey were *gu*, a cross *patence*, *vair*. *ar.* and *az.*, between four martlets of the second.

The existing remains of this monastery consist of a few walls, possessing no architectural features worthy of notice. Ornamented bricks are occasionally discovered, and soon find place in the collections of numerous antiquaries in the neighbourhood. The village is small, and contains a Wesleyan Methodist chapel, erected about the year 1824.

I have given a minute description of the abbey, and this pretty little village, which has had no place of worship for many years. There was something very grand in the old ruins. The abbey must have spread over an immense space of

ground, as we could tell from the different parts of the walls still standing.

It was to this little village our steps were bent, and to the Misses Smith we were indebted for our Sunday-school instruction. We always called them real ladies. Kind and sweet words would fall from their lips. They ruled us little girls and boys with great gentleness and ease.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear,
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

You would now see my eldest brother and myself trotting off on Sunday mornings, with our dinners in a bag, which was often all eaten up before we got to school; Master Willie taking "the lion's share."

The Misses Smith must have been very nice ladies, but my recollections are so slight I can hardly remember them.

By half-past ten we had finished school, and were seated around the long pew, looking every now and then with great reverence towards the door for the entrance of the minister, who had walked six miles and a half, to preach there.

He inspired us with the deepest awe, as he was dressed in a black coat and trowsers, and a white handkerchief. After service he would go to the Smiths' to dine, and return for the second service in the afternoon.

While he was enjoying his dinner, we sat down on the forms and enjoyed ours, if we had any left, if not, we begged a little from another scholar, to be paid back again the next Sunday.

After our cold collations we adjourned to lame Dickey's garden, where we obtained the sweetest of posies, which he presented to all those who had behaved themselves well at chapel.

We often went to the abbey, close by, to gather oxslips, cowslips, and primroses ; yes ! there never was such a place in the world for primroses.

In this manner several years passed over very pleasantly.

On Easter Monday we used to go in a waggon to Hull, and we children thought it a great treat, I can assure you, gentle reader. We did not feel the jolting, singing hymns all the way; what happy faces had we.

By half-past one we would arrive at Hull, and were regaled with buns, &c., and at two, enter Waltham-street chapel.

Only children and teachers used to go, and when assembled, and their sweet voices singing the hymns of praise, it must have been a sight angels loved to gaze upon. The chapel looked one white cloud, as all wore white, or light dresses.

Thousands often would congregate around that chapel, on an Easter Monday, to hear the singing.

How kind and loving our teachers must have been to look after us so tenderly, to shield us from harm, and to bring back the wanderer.

I often wonder where they are now.

Some went to America, long years ago, and the chapel was then shut up.

We went to this school until I was fourteen years of age. Many happy Sundays we spent in that sweet spot.

An old man we called "lame Dicky," (and many generations I believe there had been of them,) was very tender towards us little sprigs. His great delight was to cheer us, and call us "honeys," and a quiet and placid smile would hover about his face as he watched us from his pretty little garden.

Great was the trouble when our dear teachers told us of their intended departure for the United States ; but they were going there to work in Christ's cause with their father and two noble brothers.

How beautiful are the feet of those who bring glad tidings. They had brought it to us when they told us how Christ would carry us little lambs in his bosom.

How strong their love for us. They prayed that

we little ones might be guided on the right hand and on the left, from shoals, rocks, and whirlpools, and that the children they so much loved, might meet on that peaceful shore where sorrow is unknown, and the blessed "meet to part no more."

No one had laboured more constantly and effectively than the Misses Smith. Many a child, years after, remembered their instruction. In the walks of benevolence, whose faces shone with more radiance or sublimity than theirs? Had the voice of anger ever risen, or their ears been saluted with the tone of discord, their gentle voices would be raised in pity, and soon sweet harmony would prevail.

My recollections of home are very strong. How well I remember their "farewell," and my mother said we could speak of them as our Saviour spoke of the humble, unobtrusive woman of Bethany; they had, indeed, "done what they could," and so they left with every one's good wishes.

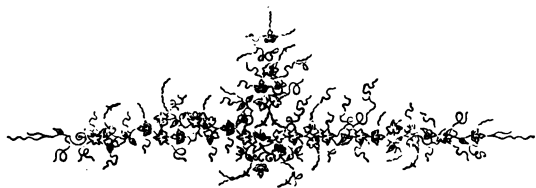
We were now in great trouble about our Sunday

school and chapel. The church service was only held once on Sundays, and for years past the good people at Wawne had felt this very much. The church minister had, I believe, to attend three different parishes, and I suppose, at that time, his stipend must have been something like that of the Vicar of Wakefield.

A consultation was held. What could be done ? It was settled that preaching should be conducted at our house, it being the largest, and, having the school forms, most convenient.

My mother entered into the plan with good feeling, praying for God's especial guidance. Her faith was in God, and she firmly believed in the promise, "I will lead thee in the way thou should'st go, I will guide thee with Mine eye." She was rewarded ; she often said, "when a difficulty arises how soon every good work of God by truth and prayer can be accomplished. I began to fear, but how soon He has opened a way, and shall we not trust Him with all that concerns our

souls, and for all the guidance we so greatly need in all that He would have us to do? He has commanded, let us be strong and of good courage, neither let us be dismayed." And as a surety of that promise the preaching continued many years. All entered with love and spirit into the plan—the young, and those of hoary age, over whom the silent grave would soon close for ever. Who could tell that it should not be in another year? Here were aged saints who could look calmly at the retrospect of a well-spent life.



CHAPTER V.





MY mother being a native of Hull, there would be, it was said, no difficulty in persuading the preachers to come.

In the mean time we were to begin, and one of our neighbours, Samuel Bowes, was appointed to preach the first sermon.

It delighted me very much; how pleased I was to get the forms in and make all ready for the congregation. On the first Sunday night such a number of people came, for this man had not been

long in the village, and it was reported that he was a very good man, and the report spoke the truth.

He opened the service with that grand old hymn :

God moves in a mysterious way.

His wonders to perform ;

He plants His footsteps on the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

* * * * *

Blind unbelief is sure to err,

And scan His work in vain ;

God is His own interpreter,

And He will make it plain.

After that he began to pray—I shall never forget it.

Never have I heard such eloquence since. His language might have been devoid of grammar—it might have been—but never mind, I know what it *was*.

“Lord have mercy on us ! Christ have mercy on us !” he exclaimed, the tears coursing one by one

down his cheeks, beseeching one and all to look up to God; to kneel at the foot of the cross, and be saved; and then he repeated that beautiful verse:

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

His sermon was as beautiful and eloquent as his prayer, he rivetted the attention of all his hearers; it was a sermon remembered by many, and never forgotten by me. He told us that for a long season before Christ's coming, the Church of God was desolate, few were her sons and daughters, her solemn feast days were attended by a multitude of hypocrites, and the genuine children of Israel were very few, and then in a holy beautiful strain he went on.

Ah! what eloquence—did he obtain that at college—indeed not—it was the Holy Spirit speaking within him.

“Ah! my friends,” said he, “will you, like

Peter, deny your Lord? will you, like John, forsake Him? Dark must have been the hour when Salem's daughters wept around the Saviour; when the cruel rabble led Him away to a shameful crucifixion; see Him as He dyes the streets of Jerusalem with the blood which trickled from beneath that crown of thorns. Awake! awake! ye people and nations and seek the mercy, the pardon offered to you."

He spoke of the barrenness of Christ's Church, and referred to the uselessness of long prayers without a contrite heart, and he told us of a kingdom above where there are many mansions, and plenty of room for all those who follow in Christ's footsteps, and beneath His banner.

Yes! dear reader, there is room for all.

We concluded with a sweet hymn.

I sat on my little stool looking with childish wonder up at his face as the tears rolled down his sun-burnt cheeks, while he prayed to God to have mercy upon those who had none for themselves.

This occurred twenty-eight years ago, yet it is as fresh in my memory as it was then. That good man preached at our house until it was pulled down, long afterwards.

He is, I have no doubt, in Heaven now, receiving his reward.

After awhile we had preachers from Hull, but never one to my mind to equal that good man.

About this time too a great stir was being made about the abolition of slavery. Great were the rejoicings when Mr. Wilberforce's monument was erected in Hull. Samuel Bowes gave a lecture. How beautiful those recollections are by contrast. I remember to this day so many words he made use of in speaking of slavery. He said, God's good will greatly enhance its preciousness. His favour in life, His loving kindness is better than life. When God has a will, He always has a way.

He was an old man, and as he stood he looked like a Patriarch, on the verge of the grave, or as a good and kind father who felt an interest in the

works of God pleading to his children. Every word he uttered was from the heart. What a trembling tenderness. What scalding tears ran down his withered sun-burnt cheeks when speaking of Wilberforce. I could not convey to the reader the effect that man produced upon his hearers. Where did he get his knowledge ? it was not in the days of steam, or a free press.

Could any of our great men have looked down upon that little band, they would not have thought there was such deep sincerity in any body of men. Such was the unaffected piety of the class I had been brought up amongst.

I have seen since then many tragedies both real and imitative, but never one more pathetic than the one he spoke of that night. The effect produced on that little assembly by his few unaffected, unsophisticated words, was great.

He alluded to the prophesy of Isaiah, and shewed how all things were being fulfilled, "and a little child shall lead them; they shall not hurt or

destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord." The women wept; the men shook off their tears; the flood-gates were opened; they could not prevent their flowing. Never was there a more heartfelt or sincere deep-toned, "Amen."

We will now pass to his private life. As a parent his troubles had been very heavy. We could gather from different parts of his preaching how much he had had to contend with. One sermon in particular; when preaching of Abraham and his wife Sarai, "that is my princess." He prayed that men and women might be helpers to each other in faith, and be partakers of all the high covenants of the same hope. He spoke of Abraham; how his heart-strings were bound alike around the child of the bondwoman and the free. "Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee!" It was touching to see the tenderness with which he dwelt on the father following his child to his exile, and wanderings. He showed us how that all who

would come to God must put their hands to the plough, and were to be surrendered for a higher object, and to be held in subordination to the development of grander purposes in the covenant of His grace.

Had there been nothing else to remember, there was that kindly word and smile. His broad, honest, English face showed no poetry ; no aristocratic refinement, not much of school culture, but there was a compact solidity about him ; a compression of his upper lips that bespoke strength of mind and purpose. There was a sunbeam always shining out of his large and loving heart. He would pursue another of his beautiful narratives. "Abide with us, for it is towards evening and the day is far spent," the disciples said to Jesus, and He did go in and tarried with them.

Then came his narrative of the "Bread of Life." It was the easy, simple, almost I might say, childish manner he spoke in ; a little child could understand him.

He went on reminding them that although the day was far spent, these men went to Jerusalem. They found the disciples met there, as they rushed into the room with the glad tidings that their Lord was risen indeed; and whilst they related, with hearts burning, the Lord himself entered, saying, "peace be unto you."

Aged Christian let this be your prayer. "Abide with Me." "Forsake Me not in my old age."

Young men and women let this be your prayer. "Abide with Me."

Little children; let this also be your prayer. "Abide with Me for ever." Even your day may be far spent. All need God's help and aid. The youngest who understands right from wrong; who knows what displeases Christ. You are taught it; you have a great deal of work to do in your little day. I cannot tell what that individual work may be which you alone can do. Look at the beautiful picture, where the parents of our Lord went a day's journey to seek their son, as he

pathetically said, "sorrowing." His answer was, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." Such was this good old man. He lived and died in the faith of the Son of God. There never was one to excel him.

Willie had once a fall from one of the chestnut-trees in the church-yard. My father had forbidden his climbing under the penalty of a whipping. How well I remember the time. It was Wednesday, and the night the monthly preachers visited.

I was pale with fear, but father would not forfeit his word. The first stroke was about to fall, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and the minister stood looking on, for a moment in silence, and then said, "Are we all perfect? When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

He omitted the next verse, and then went on, "and now abideth, faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Willie was saved that night, and he thought it better not to disobey again.

Such was our village life; such my mother's home. It was no use there being one for Paul, and another for Apollos. If they wanted to do good they must attend both church and chapel, and truly, we were all taught the solemn truths of the Gospel. One and all tried how to best improve their vast concern in this life, to lay up treasure in Heaven where neither moth nor rust could corrupt. In the sweet hope of a bright inheritance they kept their joyful end in view, and would be ready to enter into their rest at the close of their fleeting journey.

Provisions were both cheap and plentiful. The green hedges that bordered the lanes were cut, and altogether kept in better condition than any other village I have seen; and the stacks of wheat and other grain, that betokened such plenty, were always kept by the farmers neatly thatched.

I wish I could give a little colouring to my description of this village ; what a picture I could make of it ; words have no power to convey an adequate idea of its beauty.

At the end of a plentiful harvest that happened about this time, I remember as father was going to superintend the Harvest Festival and the taking home of the last load, we children were allowed to go too and take a share in the festivities.

So in a four-wheel'd waggon drawn by four fine richly caparisoned horses we seated ourselves. And, dear reader, I assure you that I sat far more at ease there than in the fashionable carriage of the proudest nobleman in the land.

As, we neared the good old farm-house we gave the first "hurrah !" when the good wife came out to welcome us, and we all began the following ditty :—

"Welcome ! welcome ! harvest store ;
Welcome ! welcome ! golden King ;
Heaps of plenty—more and more,
May each harvest ever bring."

There were many more verses that I cannot now remember.

* * * * *

My true Yorkshire heart beats fast and loudly as it were when I call these scenes to remembrance.

My father and mother ruled their household with several maxims of sterling worth. They would impress these maxims upon our minds as precepts to be remembered.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

“Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.”

This latter is exceedingly obscure to a child; it was so to me until my dear parents explained it, and then my eyes were open to its meaning.

Father once, I remember, when repeating the story of Joseph was interrupted by me.

“Was his coat many colours like our bed-quilt?” I think I see his smile as he enlightened me.

One of his favorite hymns was the beautiful, sublime, soul-inspiring

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

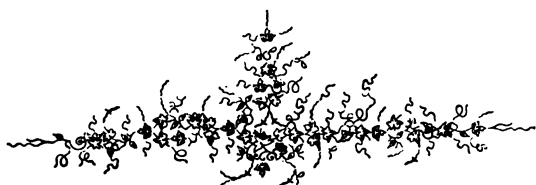
and his eyes often were bright with tears as he repeated the last verse :

“ While I draw this fleeting breath ;
When my eyelids close in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

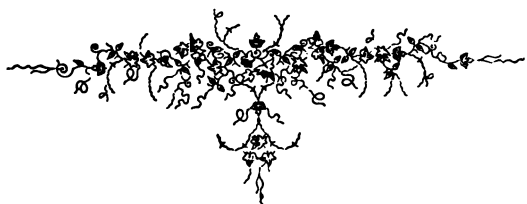
And to that Rock he steadfastly clung, to the end of his journey.

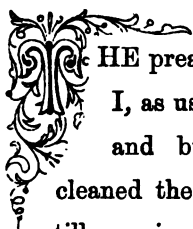
Since that time I have weathered many storms ; when they came upon me, God strengthened me, and to every dark cloud I have found a silver lining.

My mother said sometimes that she felt so happy in God's care and love that she could hardly contain herself, and so, like Daniel, three times a day she went to her own room and prayed.



CHAPTER VI.





HE preaching still continued at our house.

I, as usual, went to market, made curds and butter, milked the cows, nursed, cleaned the house, &c. I was very tall, and still growing.

My mother, speaking to me one morning, said
“Ann.”

“Yes! Mother.”

“I want you to teach the little ones their catechisms.”

This puts me in mind of the Misses Smith's school, where tickets were given to all those who learned a certain number of verses from the Bible, and I (Satan must have put it into my head) began with great boldness to recite the last ten verses of the fifth chapter of the first epistle to the Thesalonians, thinking I could lead Miss Smith to believe that I had, on previous Sundays, recited the whole chapter.

I was found out, however, and deprived of tickets for three weeks, with the disgrace and humiliation of taking a note to my mother, enlarging upon my wickedness; and greatly did I feel that I had been a very deceitful child.

I had two or three sympathizers who consoled me to the best of their ability.

Lame Dickey, good old man, made my poseys (he always called them poseys,) larger and prettier because I confided my sorrow to him.

He gave me some good wholesome advice, I remember, and a splendid large apple, which I

am afraid I was more thankful for than the advice.

He also helped me on with my verses, and, after all, I won a prize at Easter.

I have been digressing, so must return to my subject.

I taught the young ones the catechism, and many a prosperous girl had to thank my mother for the instruction they received at her school.

She was a person much respected at Wawne, sought after and inquired for upon every dispute where she could exercise her superior intelligence, or rather attainments; she was present at every birth and every death.

The deaths—we had very few deaths, and those who died, died to go to heaven, we all hoped.

We laid them in the little church-yard, where the green grass grew in the summer, and in the winter the leafless branches of the chestnut trees seemed to shelter them.

I can remember standing around the yawning grave, with other children, dressed in white, and singing a dirge to a dear departed friend,—

“Thee, we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be.”

And as we stood there we could almost fancy that we saw angels beckoning us to follow them to that holy city whose maker and builder is God.

We had an old neighbour living close by, who must have been at least ninety years of age. She had a nice cozy little room, and three-and-sixpence a week allowance from the parish, and she used to earn a few pence by knitting.

Sometimes she would come to me, and say, “Annie, my deary, I’ve spilt some a’ these loops;” so while mother and the old lady were chatting, I would pick up her loops and put fifteen or more rounds to the stocking she was knitting, and then give her the work back again.

“Annie, deary, I’se a deal of trouble, my bairn ; I’ve dropt sae many loops, but isn’t I getting on with my stocking ?”

Poor old lady ! I used to knit half her stockings and she was none the wiser.

She was a dame of the old school.

She wore buckled shoes, quilted petticoats, a tucked dress with tight sleeves, a pretty round cap with a ribbon, and a little shawl over her shoulders ; on week-days a check, and on Sundays a white apron ; her dress looped up in the most fantastical manner possible, and a scarlet cloak. The neighbours would have bought her a cloak of another colour, but no ! it would not do at all ; scarlet to the last.

We did not seem to have any very poor people, although we knew that large families had to be careful.

Mother used to go and read to the poor—she seemed to find time for everything and everybody.

The most extraordinary thing that I can remember happening was this :

A young farmer who lived, I believe, about eight miles from our village, addressed himself to one of our neighbouring farmer's daughters ; but her father and mother refused to countenance him at all ; he was a "very wild young man," they said, and the father warned the daughter that if she persisted he would disown her.

They contrived to meet clandestinely, however, for three years, at the end of which time they determined to marry on Michaelmas-day.

Of course the father never dreamt of such an occurrence on such a day ; but while his back was turned the girl escaped unseen, and without any preparation was there and then married in the church close by, and when the ceremony was over, a cab, obtained from Hull, was in readiness to receive the newly-married pair.

My mother, an universal philanthropist, sat at her window, watching the whole affair, in utter

amazement ; her eyes, expressive at any time, were now full of pity and sadness at the scene before her ; a thrill of pain throbbed her heart as she witnessed the departure from church. She felt it to be a disgrace to the little village ; for she knew that something was wrong.

She had from childhood loved this girl, and severely felt for her, knowing that not only had she brought disgrace upon her parents, but also ruin upon herself.

Stunned and bewildered, my mother gazed on that scene.

She went out to them, and listened to their extraordinary harangue, which it is not necessary to record here.

They had only been married two years when he turned her, with her two little boys, out of house and home, a proof of his worthless character.

Her father had meanwhile never forgiven her.

My mother, kind woman, pleaded for the poor deserted one, but in vain : the father would not

relent, he was inexorable, though the mother was more charitably inclined; so as no one would shelter her, my mother, in the fulness of her heart, said,

“Though, even her own parents disown her, I will befriend her.”

However, the father showed in many ways that he approved of my mother's benevolence, for though he externally repulsed his daughter, yet his heart spoke something after this fashion :

“I forgive, and pity the poor girl, but it would compromise my dignity to publicly own it.”

“You know, farmer,” said my mother to him, “that a hasty promise is very often repented of afterwards, and a bad one is better broken than kept, and if you act as your conscience dictates, farmer, and conscience never goes far wrong, you will clasp the stray lamb to your bosom and rejoice; moreover you must be making yourself miserable by indulging such animosity against an only daughter.”

Oh ! man, thy heart is stubborn.

In this case it was extremely so ; for years did the father keep his daughter at a distance, and not till he lay upon his death bed was he induced to relent, cherishing and nursing what he thought a most proper dignity towards his only child.

My brothers were growing rapidly, both in wickedness and stature ; one of them, indeed, excelled much more in the former than he progressed in the latter, and having a pugilistic temperament, he became a terror to his companions, who thought it a far superior policy to please him than to exasperate him, and very careful they had to be, knowing it took extremely little to put him out ; moreover, he had a very ungentlemanly habit of sneering and crowing over those boys who, unfortunate wretches, as he said, were sent to a woman's school ; while he, putting on an air of great superiority, "went to a 'cademy," as he said, though by the bye, he had no particular affection for the walk to and from the "'cademy" every

night and morning. Father said walking would give a "tone" to the boy's limbs, so the young gentleman had to put up with it as he best might.

I had a curious habit, too, that was the means of getting me into a scrape many a time, it was the habit of "mimicking," and thereby ridiculing, though innocently, almost everyone.

About two miles from the church, three spinster ladies lived with their mother.

After the fatiguing walk they would regularly call at our house to rest before they went into church.

I suppose, that is to say I did suppose, that they had never done an improper thing in their lives ; whenever they came my mother told me, by a particular look, to behave properly.

Now, though these ladies had walked all this distance, not one fold of their dress seemed to have been put awry ; they walked in properly, sat down properly, and coughed properly ; to tell the

truth there was such a formal propriety about their whole bearing that I dreaded their calling.

Their visit lasted nearly half an hour.

And when Madam, the youngest, took out her fine embroidered pocket handkerchief, and "a'hem'd," and "dear me'd," and so on, I, in my foolish habit, whipped out my red handkerchief and imitated her with the most ludicrous success, though I really had no intention of being naughty.

For that breach of etiquette I was usually put into a cupboard close by, though even there, I continued coughing and "a'hemming," and so on.

Oh! ours *was* a village. How strange the world was then to what it is now; for instance, I can remember middle aged and old people saying boastingly, that they had never received a letter in their lives, and thinking themselves very clever in being able to say so.

Indeed there are some stranger things in real life than one ever finds in imagination. "Truth is

stranger than fiction," saith the proverb, and it very often is so.

There was also my mother's village-school feast.

A neighbour was coaxed to send for her on some pretence or other, and then this smiling farmer would come into the school pretending it was a secret. Presently, my mother returned, and could not get into the school. It was useless to scold, and say, "Open the door." There was the farmer with the key in his own hand.

I forget the ditty, but it was to the effect that she was not to be allowed to come in until she had granted a school feast.

After a pretence of indignity, at being locked out, she was obliged to give way, and then the door was opened. She would enter, the farmer still after her, teasing for the day to be fixed, and further, the children were in such a state of excitement. They were to have a holiday. Never did face look more beaming than his, as he said he had gained.

And then the holiday was granted, and the day fixed. "Not long first," the farmer says. How merrily his eyes twinkle as he tells them he shall bring his fiddle. And you see the little faces looking so cheerful and happy, going from one house to another to know about the "best frocks."

It is a busy time for my mother and myself, for there was scarcely a cake of any description that was not made. It was not a feast to be forgotten, and come round yearly. There are the young lads, and the comfortable farmer to attend them. Never did face shine like his, never did children enjoy themselves more. Happy childhood! happy days!

I do not think there could be a more favoured little village in England. The pretty Wawne with its agriculture was perfection itself. There were very few poor. All could keep a cow, and all could work. The clever and industrious women were economical and thrifty, and though wages were not high, rents were low, and those who could not afford to rent fields, were allowed to let their cows

run in the lanes with a boy to tend them. It was considered sufficient for seven. One road one week, changing so as to give the grass time enough to grow. Every thing betokened God's goodness and man's handiwork.

Twenty years ago,—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures,
Those whispered syllables never brought,
From memory's hoarded treasures.

The field, the farm, (the bow and arrow,)
The glories, and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends,—the looks
Of old familiar faces.

* * * * *

And I am one and forty now,
The world's cold chains have bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes surround me.

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses.

The strong desire I had to see London had become almost painful. The villagers, poor innocent things, had some very strange ideas of London, and its multitudinous population. They imagined that no one who lived in London could be good,—a fallacious idea which I have proved long ago.

I determined to see the great Metropolis. I had a very confused idea of its situation: there was a road close to Wawne, that tradition, or somebody else said, if you went far enough would lead to London; that was all I knew. It might be in France; in fact, in France I believed it to be.

I was not, you perceive, much versed in geography. To tell the truth, I felt I had something to do, and that I must go to London to do it.

Of course everybody was dreadfully shocked, and advised me to never think about going to such a wicked place as London.

I did go, however, and the tears fell copiously

from my eyes as I bade those kind honest villagers
“good bye.”

I shall indeed never forget that time, it seems to have been but yesterday, though it is twenty years ago.

There are some days in life, and some scenes, that make such deep impressions upon one's mind, that they are never forgotten.

It is mournfully pleasant to look back upon the events of a life ; and it seems wonderful that fragile human nature can withstand and endure such trials and vicissitudes.

The last summer's evening previous to my departure was indeed a sad one, for I had a large place in my mother's heart, and knew that she would miss me.

I need not say that there was a blank, an empty chair, when I left my poor dear mother ; and all at home yearned after me.

So I left them in sadness, but in the excitement that followed, I began to be more reconciled.

When persons dearly attached to each other separate, those are much more to be pitied who remain, than the one who goes away. Every old familiar place becomes to the former a cruel remembrance with which everything is associated. The cosy tea-time above all other, brings with it fresh yearnings and regrets, whilst travelling creates a thousand diversions, the effect of which divides and lessens the concentration of thought and feeling.

On that one point my mother strove to conceal her feelings, but her soul always grasped in hope. Her face looks full of eloquence as she says "good bye." She thought I should do well. My father's grasp was with "Good-bye, my Annie, good-bye, my bonnie bairn."

Dear reader, I came to London by sea, taking my passage from Hull in the steamer. It was a long voyage then, though so far as distance is concerned, London is as far from Hull now as then ; but now one is apt to look upon the journey as

rather insignificant, when pleasure trips to the banks of the Danube, or cheap excursions to Jerusalem are the commonplace occurrences of the day.

Moreover you must remember that those were not the days of such gimcracks as railways and high pressure. No! no! those were "the good old times," that a certain discontented class croak for in vain, for though my dearest associations are connected with those "good old times," yet far be it from me to wish they were back again, with all their nuisances and inconveniencies.

However in spite of squalls, "cap's full o'wind," sea-sickness, tossing, pitching, and rolling, and a thousand other terrible annoyances "too numerous to mention" I approached the goal, the termination of my voyage—London. And now for this wonderful world of London. I came over with a Yorkshire lady to attend her little daughter.

The sight of London did not inspire me with much awe. We had beautiful docks and shipping in Hull; so all looked very familiar.

We went to a pretty place in the suburbs, and I was soon at home with my bow and arrow teaching my little charge; an amusement we had all delighted in at home.

But I was not happy there. It was not what I had so often dreamed about; there was heaviness at my heart, clouds seemed to gather, I wanted to be more active, yet nothing menial. I could not have told what it was.

Soon, however, a way opened. I became acquainted with a gentleman of high standing, who took great interest in my welfare, and obtained for me a situation with a lady. I was now gratified.

The ungainly country girl who, twelve months before, was running about in a blue frock, black worsted stockings, and ankle straps, was riding about with a lady whose family moved in the highest circles in London society; two powdered footmen behind her carriage, and a coachman in front.

I felt no elation, except that my object was gained; I had found the something I wanted. I •

was suddenly thrown into new life, and, at the age of twenty, I felt the responsibility very great. "Am I able to do my duty?" I asked myself. "Have I sufficient power and command over my feelings?" My position involved no small amount of care, but my mother's words were always ready to encourage me, "persevere," and the good doctor encouraged me.

I did persevere, dear reader, and was rewarded.

But what have the highest to be proud of, or the fairest, or the gayest, when every human glory is so fugitive and fading.

Let the wisest of us say then, we are but dust and vanity.

Why are people so proud; why is one so apt to think himself or herself so much better than another?

Perhaps their bodies may be formed in a more graceful mould, their limbs better turned, or their complexions clearer.

And what then?—what is this beauty worth?

With all its fascinations it lasts but a little while; in a few short years its bloom will vanish, its flowers wither, and its lustre grow dim, and when old age comes upon us, we are, indeed, as a faded rose.

Or perhaps our vanity meets with a sudden death, and the flower may be nipped in the bud, and the grave may open for us long before we expected it.

Death spares neither age nor rank; the smiling infant and the tottering old man, the hard-working menial and the luxurious monarch, fall alike beneath his withering glance.

Indeed I have witnessed scenes that bear testimony to all this.

Let none imagine they are secure: nerves may be well strung, and for a time we may believe that our strength and activity is superior to our neighbour's; but affliction and disease creeps silently over us, we scarcely know how; nerves are unstrung, nature gives way, and we are but a flying shadow of vanity.

Not only the physical powers but the intellectual are subject to the same decay ; tho' they have created beautiful imaginations and peopled them with the brightest beings of fancy, they must fade, and grow dim, and be lost, no more to entertain the enraptured world with their sublime phantasies.

Youth is a slippery path, and those who rely upon their own help will fall ; there is another power, which, if we seek it, will safely conduct us over the quicksands, warm affections will spring from that help for our fellow-creatures ; patient, quiet endurance in affliction ; forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others, and we shall feel, think, and act kindly to those "forlorn and shipwreck'd brothers" we so often see around us.

My thoughts and fancies of fourteen years of age now began to be realized ; my headstrong passions were curbed, yet all the energies of my character seemed to be required in the one duty to attend

upon the mentally afflicted; and for sixteen years I never found the employment irksome.

The poor patients became subjects of interest to me, and consequently claimed and obtained much love and devotion at my hands, though not so much in the shape of strength of body as of mind; and God blessed many of my efforts. This was the result of my mother's pious training.

Meanwhile I received several letters from home, loving and affectionate.

My mother missed me sadly; it took her a long time to thoroughly reconcile herself to my absence.

My young brothers were growing up and required a great deal of care.

The poor little invalid brother of mine, did not improve in health.

There is something very touching in a mother tending an afflicted boy; all her care and affections seem to be centred in that one object, the hopes and fears, the clouds and sunshine, the stormy workings of the heart and soul, the anxiety of one

week, the happiness of the next; one longs for the time and the day to see her again in the peaceful serenity of former days.

It was a hard time for my poor mother, she knew that something could be done for her poor child, and she strived heart and soul to achieve the victory over the disease.

She was a happy wife, a doating mother, not a death had snatched one of her loved ones away, she was single-hearted and truthful, the very child of nature.

Her letters were always full of affection and good advice.

Persevere in the right road. Never give up in despair because you are defeated in a first attempt —Do all thy work with a single eye to the glory of God.

My own position in London at this time was very flattering to a young girl, I became acquainted with many eminent men, "mad doctors" they called them.

At that time great improvements were being made in Asylums and in the general treatment of the mentally afflicted.

I was with a lady two years after she had recovered, and it was while living in this atmosphere that I began to awake to a new sense of responsibility, and longed to know more of what those responsibilities were.

Happily I had gained the confidence of some who were not only able but willing to forward my views, and sympathized with me in any attempt to struggle on so bravely in the work I had undertaken.

I left this my first situation with the good feeling and the good wishes of all connected.

The tree will incline itself as the twig is bent, and I was selfishly bent on carrying out my purpose.

Life seemed to have a great charm for me; the first trainings of childhood are fraught with consequences throughout life; how I thanked God

for giving me such a mother who had taught me always to look up, always to persevere.

And, if any obstacle crossed my path, I remembered when she would ask me if I could do such and such a thing, I felt afraid to say no ! her clear quick eyes seemed to say—try.

God has given every woman some trust if she will prepare herself for it.

I have had a pleasant life though a troubled one, for I have always found pleasure in my duties.

Mother had always instilled into our minds a love of quiet gentleness, as she said, “bustling, noisy people could never get on.”

I became acquainted with a gentleman of high standing in society who advised me to continue in the department in which I had begun ; to enter for a short period into one of the best public asylums, where I could gain more knowledge, and enter into the intricacies of the branch, after which I should be competent to undertake any case without fear ; and as this gentleman was interested in

it, he, being an eminent M.D., would then keep me constantly engaged.

To this I assented with gratitude, and entered an asylum, where I remained two years.

Of this place I will say but little, just mentioning that it was at the time that a reformation was taking place throughout England, when so many had found out all at once how unnecessary it was to keep patients under restraint as a rule.

I was much interested, and watched very closely, for my own interest as well as for the comfort of the poor afflicted ones.

How many pent up hearts felt full of love and gratitude to those who became so tender over them ; how easy it seemed to free them from their bondage, and the wonder was how so many had been kept in chains and bonds for years ; how well worth the time of any one to visit one of those asylums now, not to witness the distress of the poor sufferers, but to see how they are cared for in that worst of all afflictions—insanity.

How different the former period from the latter; with what determination so many good and noble men set about that work; what days, and weeks, and years they spent in bringing it to perfection.

No fear now of the poor maniac being ill-treated. No fear of any one being put away for any sordid purposes, all is clear, open day work now.

The magistrates and the commissioners keep a very comfortable but a very sharp look-out, and the poor wretched outcast, after a life of drunkenness and misery, finds a shelter there and a haven of rest.

To see them in their comfortable warm dresses and clean caps is a good picture to gaze upon, and though some look so worn and haggard, entering such places at the last hour, when all seems lost, who shall say that in a few years some, at least, may sleep with God.

I spent many happy hours with them, some so sensible and attractive, and capable of much love; their quaint ways and droll ideas bespeaking how unfettered their feelings were.

Gentle reader, picture to yourself a sweet looking face, looking up lovingly and earnestly into yours, and although no longer a girl, and discipline has sobered her, she, child-like, will try to coax you into talking; she remembers even now her childhood, her love, her whole life.

There are many characters like this.

I became acquainted with such an one, and felt deep love for her and interest in hearing her story, which may find a place here.

Her father was captain of a merchant vessel. I could get no more from her about him than that, though from what she said I thought he must have been very gay; but her poor, dear mother! She had been brought up, not in luxury but in comfort. I listened patiently to her story.

"George," said she, "taught me to love him. Oh! the thought is madness! You are kind to listen to me, and I am so thankful to have met you; it will do me good."

And the first gush of womanly tenderness burst forth.

"We lived in London," she continued, "somewhere near Hackney; George gained the consent of my mother to pay his addresses to me; he was such a handsome little sailor, he won my affections, and I soon gave him what I could not take back,—my whole heart. Oh! how we loved each other."

He was going to sea again when he had made her an offer, and, should it please God, they were to be married upon his return.

"The night before he went away we stood by the River Thames; he, no doubt, loved me then, but, oh! what was to follow."

"I never shall forget the day we were engaged; my life seemed too happy to be endured; I had had several very good offers before, but never once thought of accepting any one of them. My mother required a great deal of attention, I was happy at home, and had never loved before.

“So George and I were engaged; the winter passed very happily away, and George must go.

“He was about leaving when he said to me, ‘Lizzy, you must be my wife before I go—you must—you shall.’

“‘No; no!’ I replied, ‘I will be your own true wife at heart, dear George.’

“He became furious.

“‘No tie,’ I continued, ‘could be more binding than the vow I have already made, nothing can snap it asunder.’

“‘This is dreadful,’ he said, stamping with rage, ‘do you know what I have done,—I have chosen you to be my wife, although I might look much higher, I have seen numbers of girls, beautiful, and with plenty of money, and none, I dare say, would have refused me.’

“I felt afraid, but shook my head firmly, and said, ‘It cannot be yet, George.’

“I was then only eighteen years of age, and had no wish to mar the great ambition of his life; he

had confided to me his love, as he said, but I thought it had sprung from a higher and better source of inspiration, spontaneously from the heart."

Poor girl, she had got thus far when her lustrous eyes grew dim. I interrupted her and kissed her sweet face ; she was a pretty little thing, and said I was content with what she had told me for one day—she should tell me more tomorrow.

When the doctor came round I asked him if he would let her remain with me, as with proper care I thought she would become better.

That good doctor looked very hard at me with his kind honest face, and said, she might do so.

"I believe," said he, "hers is a painful history."

It is pleasant to remember such a man ; his whole heart, his whole mind was wrapt up in the humane task God had given him.

His large noble heart and soul was in his work. His study was to alleviate as far as possible the sick and suffering.

A few months after Lizzie became far less depressed; a sweet smile and trust seemed to be the abiding state of her mind, and she would often come and weep in uncontrolled anguish for a time, but when the pent-up fountain of sorrow had exhausted itself, she would plead the cause of him she had so faithfully loved; and it was only when the raging storm and fearful thunder seemed to split the roof, that you could see an almost imperceptible shudder.

Lizzie's narrative continued :—

“I wish now it were but a dream,” she said, “my heart sinks within me as I relate it, but I feel, dear nurse, it will do me good.”

This George, who had gained her affections, promised to be faithful to her; she had given him her love, and was an innocent, warm-hearted girl; she had only his promise to rely upon.

Poor girl! she had a sweet, low, musical voice, and years of suffering had not made such ravages upon her as upon many others.

Well, to return—Lizzie received several letters during his absence; his vows remained still faithful and unalterable, he wrote, and begged forgiveness for his conduct on that night, promising to make amends when he returned home; but still Lizzie had some undefined doubts in her mind.

The time rolled round for his return—he did not come till a week after, and then—

Alas! it was all over.

Not a word of his former vows, not a word of love.

“Thus was I deceived,” said the poor girl, “I clasped my hands in anguish and despair; my pride was wounded, my affections outraged. I felt I should be suffocated, and I fainted only to awake to the consciousness that all was over.

“A few days afterwards, as if by accident, two cabs passed our door and suddenly stopped. Within one of them was a lovely girl, dressed in white and orange blossom—in the next cab was—George! ——”

Poor Lizzie! the deceived and the deceiver recognized each other, and the next hour she was a raving maniac; then about twenty years of age, and now, after eight or nine years, she was gradually recovering.

Sympathy was all she wanted, and to let her tears flow as fast as they would.

I do not hesitate to say that she found in me a true and sympathizing friend, and as the recollections of by-gone years came crowding upon her memory, her lips would move as if about to speak, but in a moment a look of deep anguish would overspread her countenance.

Hers was a sad tale truly; just at the time when she expected to be made a wife, she was taken to an asylum to remain there ten years or more.

I afterwards learned George had never forgiven her for refusing to marry him at first. But alas! he came to an untimely end: going out one morning, before eight o'clock he was a corpse; he had fallen

through an open skylight, and fell some distance, never to rise in life again.

Her story was a true and affecting one, but, thanks to God, she recovered.

She is married, and the last time I saw her she had a beautiful boy.

I did not remind her of the past, but she herself mentioned it and thanked me, and all those who had ministered to her wants.

She would call her boy, George—strange tenacity; her husband indulged her fancy, he knew of her first love, yet loved her none the less for it.

She would still shed tears when she recalled the long, long ago years, and the untimely end of her faithless lover, and often thought of his widow and fatherless child.

Another time the good doctor I mentioned came to me, and said,

“I want you to take Fanny.”

She was in the convalescent ward.

•

"Take Fanny!" said I, "it has taken four nurses to dress her this morning."

"That is the very reason; now will you try to oblige me?"

Never say no! — I remembered my mother's words. Try!

"You see," he went on, "I would not put you in danger, but I believe there is a great mistake in the way she is managed; I can do nothing else than send her to you."

"I will try, sir," I replied.

I was not nervous, but the sight of her in the morning had certainly terrified me very much.

I soon found that the doctor was right. She wanted gentle treatment; in a few days she was ordered to work in the bake-house.

She at first refused to go, but at last was coaxed into going; I told her I wanted a nice hot cake for my tea.

So every day she came to me about three o'clock in the afternoon, with the cake in a clean cloth.

She was going on very comfortably, and went to work as usual, when one day some one excited her.

She armed herself with a large carving knife, obtained from some place she had no business to enter, and jumped upon a table, yelling that she would cut the throat of any one who came near her.

They all came rushing to me, and as I went through, I passed the doctor, who was alarmed for my safety, and begged me to beware.

I soon caught a glimpse of her; never shall I forget the fury she looked. I was certainly horrified; that terrible knife was fearful to look upon, as she held it in her frenzied grasp.

Nearly thirty people were looking at her.

Arming my self with a very thick piece of ticking to ward off any plunge she might make, I advanced towards her, calling "Fanny, Fanny."

Down she jumped from the table, and throwing the knife away, cried—

"Oh! here's my nursey," and taking my arm, she made a mock curtsy, and we walked away.

But after all it had not been an easy victory; it was a fearful struggle to prevent any outward show of fear; I can assure you it is no slight thing to come in contact with such a woman at any time, but when she is armed with such a weapon it does not look at all pleasant.

I spent many happy hours in that place, for I really enjoyed my occupation, and entered with unwearied energy into the duties that thronged around me. I saw and felt that I could be very useful, and investigated everything, both large and small, and made myself acquainted with the various channels through which the diseases flow. I wanted to form my own opinion of each patient that came under my hands; and my pains were not futile, for often the opinion of a doctor corroborated my own previous one.

I will here just record a little anecdote that occurred to a lady in a high station of life.

After I left the asylum, I was one day sent for in a hurry to go to a lady, who, it was thought, would not recover; the doctor had given up all hope.

I immediately removed her from her own home to another residence in a pleasant part of London.

For the first two days she was very quiet, but on the third night I was startled by seeing a white figure at the top of the dressing table; before I could reach her she had torn the curtains down, and everything she could lay her hands upon.

She was in a high state of fever, and was so violent that I was persuaded to put a strait-jacket on her, but at the expiration of half an hour I took it off again, and those whom I had called in to assist me left.

Kneeling down upon the floor, with an old shoe she commenced scrubbing, and for five days and nights continued to do so.

At the end of that time she became quiet, and quite exhausted, and laying down in bed fell

asleep. I begged no one to disturb us, and for two and twenty hours we slept, when, as if by magic, we both awoke together.

She, poor creature, looked sad and haggard, but the sleep had done good to her and to me; no words passed, however, for I knew that perfect rest and quiet would do more good than anything else.

After a few days a tear began to moisten her eye, and in another day or two she spoke a little.

In a fortnight she slept regularly, her pains became eased, the mental anguish of her mind was less disturbed, and the countenance began to assume its natural expression.

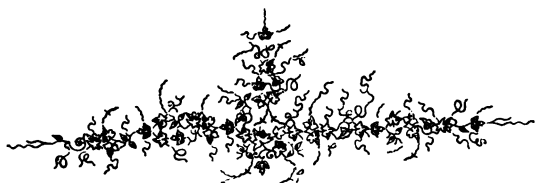
I knew then that the trial and danger was over.

Her sister soon after met her; one who had pleaded fervently to God for her recovery.

Her request was granted.

The gratitude of both was beyond all bounds; the doctor told them that I was a host in myself.

In two months after the commencement of her illness, I took her home, perfectly well.



CHAPTER VII.





NOW paid a visit to Yorkshire, for I was
longing to see my father and mother
after an absence of four years.

“There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o’er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns disperse serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.

* * * * *

‘Tis home, the spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

I went home radiant with sunshine and glee. I knew I should meet with the voice of welcome.

It was four years since I had seen the old house with its old faces ; and in four years one expects to find something to alloy one's pleasure, but I found much to be thankful for.

My sickly brother was growing up into a fine looking youth ; he was indeed a brother to be proud of. There was a peculiar sweetness in his voice when he spoke, and especially when reading. There was an earnestness in his tone and manner that presented a striking contrast to his once pale, sickly face.

It was indeed a happy meeting for all of us. Father, mother, and all the rest, welcomed me to my dear home ; but my brother seemed to me the most conspicuous object.

Instead of a poor deformed brother, a burden to his parents, I found a bright, intelligent-looking youth, graceful in body, cultivated in mind, a worshipper of God.

When he was a weak, ailing child, my mother had prayed long and often that God would make a man of her poor boy.

And now, while looking smilingly and proudly upon him, she offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to that God who had granted her so many mercies.

Poor mother ! her locks were very gray now, her years were fast numbering, but her face was radiant with smiles ; her eldest girl by her side, grown up into womanhood, and her whole family happy and cheerful. "Yes," said she, "I have much to be thankful for."

We had a happy meeting that night—much to tell—much to hear—all combined in sweetest harmony.

I told them of my adventures in Great London, and of my success ; and in return they told me of some dear old friends—who were dead, and who were still alive.—We were very happy.

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Home of my youth when every sport could please,

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused at every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

My brother Robert and I became very dear companions. His manner and appearance was indeed very winning. At the age of fourteen he had an ever-varying flow of conversation; his expressions were animated, and as I looked upon his youth and beauty, I thought it seemed almost impossible that he could be the dear boy I had left. There was nothing in his countenance to denote the physical suffering he had undergone.

Doubtless his delicate temperament had induced habits of reflection and studious thought far beyond his years. His mind was stored with a vast amount of knowledge, the fruits of his mother's instructions during his long illness.

He was a Christian, and a well conducted youth, with the fear of God always regulating and guiding his passions and actions ; an influence instilled into his heart by his mother, which was never eradicated through after life.

He began to write for various magazines at the age of fifteen, the proprietors of which eagerly accepted his contributions.

He grew up clever and full of worthy ambition ; and the self-possession which characterized him as a boy never left him when he became a man.

Many years ago he left his native shores, and never disgraced his name. He, soon after I saw him, made his way to London, and after a sojourn of two years went away.

Saint Paul tells us that the grace of God hath appeared to all men, and if strife and contention had arisen amongst that little community, persecution and maliciousness would have prevailed ; but it was not so ; it was a little band of love. With the exception of a very few, they were afraid to

scoff at the words of God. The little band had strength in the arm of the Almighty. The meek He raised in honour, and cast the mighty to the ground. The high and lofty One looked down on the humble and hallowed cottages in that little village. He cheered the spirits of the downcast one, and revived the contrite of heart. The souls He had formed found grace and refuge in His sight. Prayer is the highest act of worship, the proper honour of God, and if we pray, although the night hath been one of long sorrow, the morn shall bring us light, and like the dew upon the tender herb, it will diffuse fragrance and happiness around us.

Some may think that we were neither Wesleyans nor Churchmen.

All were striving to get to heaven. There is but one road there. Condemn no one ; rather let us be lovers of peace. The things to be believed are few, the things to be done are many. What would have become of the poor people in that village had

it not been for both? The one helped the other, and I believe there is much good done in those out-of-the-way villages in hearing the true gospel from some of those praying men. They will rivet the attention. From the history of Joseph to little Timothy on his grandmother's knee. They picture them from childhood to manhood. They tell of a Saul, and now a St. Paul.

A wise master-builder will lay a proper foundation in every discourse, and either in one way or another inform the ignorant how they may be saved; take the leading ideas and enlarge upon them, carefully examining the connexions the text has with the preceding and following verses. Thus they preach the word acceptably, and out of the good treasures of the Scriptures bring forth things new and old. The people will improve under such a minister, and his own soul will be as a well-watered garden. Some farm-boys have entered our house who could not read a word; yet I have seen their attention so fixed, their eyes and mouth

wide open, they seemed lost to all around but the plain-speaking preacher. Presently the face would light up with such intelligence, you would almost feel sure he was saying to himself, "I understand that, but I must get to know more."

I have heard an anecdote of a minister who was officiating for another. This good man did not, I believe, at that time, for he was very young, think much of his own preaching. He visited a shoemaker and said,

"Well, I suppose you will be glad when Mr. — comes home?"

"Dunno," the man answered.

"Why, he is so eloquent."

"Yes; but we loikes you, you great more ignoranter loike."

The very words would strike home to that man, and would he not try to preach more "ignoranter loike," for the very reason that they all understood him?

More than once in the Old Testament we read of

the dedication of private houses for prayer. "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it?" thus showing that it is a good thing when a man hath a house of his own, to convert it to the service and honour of God, that it may be a Bethel.

I remember the new chapel that was built in Hull, and called Bethel chapel. My mother often said that her little house was a Bethel, that is, "The House of God." "This stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house." That was often the language of my mother. Let me and mine be only and wholly and for ever thine.

We need not send to the ends of the earth to seek the knowledge of God. His work and his presence are ever nigh us.

Children are capable of receiving impression. Little did I think at that time that the scenes of my childhood would ever impress my mind as they have done. Many were the mercies we enjoyed. The sweetness and benefit in common when we

met together safe in the morning and returned safe at night, no evil having occurred to us through the day. Was it not natural for us to join together in solemn thanksgiving to our God ? Our table was spread, and our cup running over.

My father would often sing—

We'll in Christ, our Cross, abide,
O'er each temptation still will soar :
We'll defy the swelling tide,
And soon will reach the heavenly shore.

Many will, I daresay, remember the last words of Addison. Grasping the hand of a gentleman who stood by his bedside, he said,

“See in what peace a Christian can die,” and soon after expired. Who would not die such a death ?

I look back now to the year 1848, when I was suddenly called into Yorkshire upon the death of a friend. What feelings we individually go through, when no human being but ourselves and God can

be witness to our utter grief and despair. Is it not in justice and pity to us that He sends these bereavements? Does he not see that we love the creature more than the Creator? and in His mercy He deprives us of what would only be a sin and a sorrow.

Although eighteen years ago, it is still fresh in my memory. Again with my dear father and mother. The love for them had never abated, and will never be forgotten.

There is something very sweet in the remembrance of that visit to Yorkshire, although in itself so mournful. How loving my mother was.

My brother, too, I found verging on manhood, and likely to do well. His amiability and sense were in good contrast with the others.

I left them all full of love. I then returned to London, and my subsequent career, then entering on my new occupation with the afflicted, and feeling quite at home.

The third and last time I was called back into Yorkshire, my mother was ill. Grim death was making sad havoc there. Of many whom I could remember, who had knelt with us in prayer, some were gone to their last home, while others were hastening there. The poor old man whom I mentioned in the beginning of my history, I found nearly bent double with age, but ripe and ready for eternity. He could look up and say, "See the salvation of the Lord." How beautiful to see an aged Christian die.

When I went to see him I said,

"Well, Sammy, how are you?"

"Why, Annie, my bairn, is it you? Dear lass, come and sit down. The Lord's been very good to me. Come and tell me, my bairn, how you get on."

His troubles had been very heavy. He had not had a good wife. He spoke with much compassion about her. She had attempted her life.

"And think," he said "my bairn, if she had done it, where wod her soul a bin now?"

He told me how his prayers had been incessant, and how he hoped that the Lord would still hear and answer them.

I remembered him strong and hale. What a change ! Now he had to totter about with his sticks. Rheumatism had disfigured and deformed his limbs, but not so, dear reader, his mind. The Lord was remembering him in His loving kindness ; His tender mercies were as of old. His Bible lay before him, and when called he was ready to enter into His rest.

He told me Satan would not leave him. He put doubts and fears into his head. He referred to our prayer meetings in my father's house.

"We had some good times, my bairn, but the thorn in my flesh was hard to bear."

His thorn, I guessed, was his home sorrows, but no one ever heard of them from his lips. It was well known what a wretched home his was, and we all knew how often he besought the Lord to alter it.

This dying man referred to the camp meetings too, and love-feasts. He said, "They were feasts of love." People from the village had four miles to walk to these meetings in the summer time, to sing and pray in an open field, and back again to our night meetings, perhaps just in time to commence.

I remember my mother being in great distress of mind when I was about twelve years of age. Two of her sisters and a brother died. Her youngest sister, as she said, was walking up to heaven from her infancy. She was only seventeen when she died, but had been a very godly child. She was one of the chosen ones of Christ's young flock. Her last word with her last breath was, "Heaven."

My aunt Mary had been married about six months when her first dear sister died. They were all very loving. When she attended my Aunt Hannah's funeral, she wore a pair of very thin shoes, took cold, and only lived about three months after.

I can just remember her. She was ill only three weeks. What agony my mother suffered on her account. She used to tell her that she did not want her to pray with her. My mother would go that distance, five miles, every other night, after closing her school, and return the following morning to commence teaching again before nine o'clock.

After my aunt had been ill about three weeks, my mother came one morning, and said that she must go back again to her if she could, for through the blessing of God it might be instrumental in saving her soul. She ought to go back.

My mother, I then knew, had had some faint hope. She saw my father and went back. He told her that he would pray all day for them.

My mother returned the following morning. Her prayers had been answered. My aunt said before she died,

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art

with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

My mother described the death of my aunt. She told them that angels were waiting to receive her ; for some days before she died there had been a great change in her.

A fortnight after, my uncle John was taken ill. It might indeed be called a galloping consumption. It seemed so short a time from the strength of his manhood, to an early grave. He was more hardened then than I should have thought possible for a man to be. But my mother said, who shall say they were not saved at the eleventh hour. His cry was, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.

"Nanny," he said to my mother, "I am going to my God, and thy God," and at that moment he rose up in bed, and as suddenly fell back, and expired. My mother afterwards expressed her firm conviction that they were both saved.

Her face was indeed to the heavenly Jerusalem.

How often I have crept upstairs to listen to her, and when she has come down, the glory and light of the Lord has shone on her. How happy she has looked ; how radiant her face ; how full of love and joy that face has appeared.

You could not ask a question about Whitfield, Luther, Berugher, Wesley, or in fact any of those great men, but she could answer and tell of all that they had done. How hard she worked in that village in Christ's cause. A poor old man, Joseph Marshall, by name, would call in sometimes to ask her how she was. He was ninety-two years of age when he died, and broke stones by the way-side up to within a few days of his death.

I would sometimes, when a girl, wheel his barrow off to his home, and then run back with his two staffs whilst he was resting.

He was nearly bent double, and would say to my mother,

“Nanny, I’se going whom (home), I’se going

whom. Yes, my bairn, I'se going whom. I sall soon be wi the Lord."

His wife was in her eightieth year too when she died. I think people in a village like that, are certainly more happy than in large towns. They seem like one large united family.

It was a very serious thing for those who did not belong to us. "Still," my mother would say, "let us pray for them."

She is now reaping her reward in heaven. How beautiful to feel no fear for those we have loved, to have no doubt of their being in heaven; to know the useful and happy life they spent, not unchequered by the rude storms of life, and to remember how bravely they were all fought. Their anchor is cast, and they are now on that heavenly shore. No more bickerings, no more trouble. All! All is past, and they are safe in that haven of rest. They are in their "home, sweet home," and as my mother said, "She wanted to get a seat as near Jesus as she could."

She was always trying for it, always praying, and her prayers will not be in vain for those she left behind.

“I have such faith, such love,” she said, “I have no doubts, or fear of slipping in crossing the river Jordan. My body is weak, but my faith is strong.”

I shall never forget my last visit home. Oh, for an artist’s pencil, or a poet’s pen. But poor me, I am neither an educated woman, poet, nor painter. I must be content with struggling on in my poor way, with my half-expressed thoughts.

All the quiet beauty of my native home, the pretty village lies before me. The dear old church, its turreted tower, the ivy over the walls, the large chestnut-trees, the fine old vaults, where I have so often sat.

Happy childhood! happy days! How like a dream as I stood for the last time at the door. What cares, struggles, and troubles since then.

I had seen London since I first left home. The

impressions varied. London I had not found so glittering as I had dreamt of in my young days. Still I could not complain. Oh ! never had the spot seemed to me so exquisitely lovely as at the last visit. Everything beautiful to the eye.

Fair home of my childhood ! now I must leave thee. One sad, last, lingering look, and I must bid adieu. Farewell, each treasured spot ! I have visited you once again, perhaps for the last time. Oh ! that we five children may remember the good lessons we have been taught. The remembrance must rise up to all of us. It does vividly to me.

Doth not God lead us by a wonderful and strange path ? Life ! how changeable ! It is to one a journey. One seems to encamp on pleasant and green hills, while to another it seems through thorns and briars ; to another, sorrow and bitterness ; and to another, a long dark dream. How full of mystery the future ! I part with my mother the last time on earth. The day has risen. The

“farewell” lingers, yet the last sweet words, kisses and tears, the last pressure of the hands. Little did I then think it would be the last.

Storms of sorrow burst upon my heart. I must go. But my mother was happy in her Saviour’s love. He had shown her the path which was marked by His footsteps, and hallowed by His suffering, and she is now in her everlasting home. No ocean can divide them. He loved her with an everlasting love. She was strong in the word which was able to keep her from falling. He called her, and she went cheerfully.

How vain our efforts to prepare ourselves for parting. However lightly we may look upon the future, how different we feel when it becomes a reality. We have not thought how deep a shadow it must cast upon our path. May God keep us that we may meet again in that beautiful place where there is no change. Good bye, my mother. Adieu my own sweet native village, my much loved home.

ANGEL.

Lo! here she comes,—sure heaven. 'Tis joy to say
Fall back, ye seraphs, make the stranger way.

SPIRIT.

What means this sudden change? and where's my woe?
Where am I steering? Stranger let me know.

ANGEL.

In heav'n's bright light—thy doubts will soon be clear,
Long, long have shining millions wish'd thee here.

SPIRIT.

If this be heaven, as surely seems the case,
Much have my best ideas wrong'd the place:
Could I have hoped so soon to fill a throne,
My woes on earth had cost me ne'er a groan.

ANGEL.

The moment God designs to free from woe;
Men, while on earth, shall never wish to know
Each then might urge the moment fixed was wrong,
'This, think his life too short, and that too long.

SPIRIT.

Well, had I languished seventy years below,
And every hour the sport of ev'ry woe:
An hour, a moment, wrapt with seraphs here,
Had made me full amends for every tear:
Ever to shine so near my Saviour's face,
O! the dear bliss, and O! the wondrous grace!

ANGEL.

Seraphs, and men, on the same power depend,
And, once secured, is an eternal friend:
Thy prayers, and praise, thy God was pleased to hear,
He heard his plaudit, as they reached His ear;
And many a seraph, higher far than I,
Shook their glad wings, and wish'd the nod to fly:—
The nod, once given, the doors of heaven flung wide;
The way is clear, and thou hast reached His side.

SPIRIT.

I have my bliss;—if friends on earth could guess;
What eye could weep, what bosom feel distress.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

“Behold I am with thee to the end of the world. I renew daily the covenant with my God. I spend days without condemnation, and I believe without sin, though many others are sent to cause me more or less of anxiety and woe; but all seems truly glorious, joy shines through grief. I shall be justified by faith, fervent in the enjoyment of my mind, and often my peace flows like a river. My heart is affected at the love of God, and my faith firm. I was reading this morning of the offering of Isaac by Abraham. How strong his faith, his devotions how lovely! See him leave his father’s house, his native land, and go forth at the call of the Lord, not knowing whither he went. See him erecting his altar to the most high, and calling on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God. See him on Moriah’s mount resigning his beloved son. What heart can view unmoved the transactions of such a life, or read with indifference the dealings of the Almighty, with this “Father of the faithful.”

The Father of mercies tries us, but His eye of compassion is soon graciously cast over us. Let us drive out with the help of God all vain thoughts from the mind. They consume it, and prevent a better employment. Set a guard on our tongue, that unruly member, and suffer not our thoughts to roam upon things that never were, and perhaps never will be, that are only empty honours of this world. And we shall find the thoughts of the Saviour for ever sweetening the bitter waters of Marah. We shall find Him the comforter who always relieves the soul. He will be near to us.

“I dare not,” she continued, “let my mind be idle. As I walk the streets I rebuke myself, and make my moan to heaven if I have gone many steps without one thought of my Saviour. An ejaculatory prayer is as acceptable at the throne of grace as on the bended knee. It fills us with enjoyments, resignation, satisfaction, and heavenly astonishments. We see and feel unutterable things. Let

us keep steadfast until the last enemy shall come, or rather let us trust in our best Friend."

This was to a friend who had once told her that she walked in golden slippers. My mother said, I feel as though I walked in silver slippers. I often am so happy I feel as though I did not tread God's earth.

What blissful times those ! How unspeakably happy we all were ! How free from heavy cares ! What contentment reigned around us always ! No presentiments of impending evil ! We required no effort to suppress painful recollections.

The Scriptures to her were an inexhaustible friend. It gave her the most ennobling and delightful energy for discussion. "Was it not surprising," she often said, "that people did not study, meditate, and converse more, on these grand volumes." We are so eager to hear what proceeds from eloquent tongues, and masterly pens ; how can we be so coldly indifferent when not the most

accomplished of mankind, not the most exalted of creatures, can compare with the adorable Author of all wisdom. He speaks in His revealed word. Strange ! that our attention does not hang upon the venerable events, and our conversation dwell upon the incomparable truths !

A neighbour of ours, who had been a very thoughtless man in his prosperity, seldom coming to our meetings, had become helplessly blind. I called to see him, and sat with him some time. What a change had come over him. His earthly hopes seemed gone, wrested from him, but he did not perceive or think at the time, though he afterwards felt and knew, that God had ordered it in His own good and wise providence. He loves His creatures too much to permit us to live long in harmony with the world. A world which in itself is nothing but vanity and corruption. He knows what is requisite in order to accomplish His own good work. He therefore in His all-wise providence afflicted him with blindness.

God shows in so many different ways how we may be changed, and pass from this life to glory through great tribulation.

Tribulation is necessary to bring us to the true light and life of God in the first instance, and then He will in His own good time see what is best to be done.

What an affecting sight it was to hear and see that grey-headed old man weep and mourn for his past sins. How often he would say, "Ah! if I only had my time to go over again, how much better I would try to be." He was penitent, and God had pardoned him.

A rebel son of his, one of the worst characters in the village, had become one of the leading men in the prayer-meetings. The death of his wife had given such a shock to his senses, he could not forget her last words for his soul's salvation.

He had been destitute even of moral principles, and addicted to open vice.

It is necessary to look at everything as God

would have us look. They are connected with our soul's salvation. He will not let us perish. I have heard it said, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint." If I may so term it, there was proof here.

He had lost a young and devoted wife. Left with four children, he certainly seemed like one stricken. Such was the strength of his natural pride, that it appeared that nothing but some great sorrow would have broken his spirit, and turned his heart to God. He found his trials at first more than he could bear; he rebelled against God. His heart at first seemed as though it grew harder then ever. Poor man, his condition was deplorable. He eat the bread of sorrow, and looked in vain for help to human flesh, but found peace with One to whom he could communicate his mingled griefs and sorrows, as he really could not himself understand them. God had stopped his pathway in the world, but He had marked the way by which he was to work to heaven. He drew around him the cords

of His Providence. It was God who was painfully, but effectually, laying His hand, though unseen, upon him, to stop him in his mad career, until He brought him to see the error of his ways ; and he repented in sackcloth and ashes.

He is now a bright ornament of society, leading and teaching those less forward the way they ought to go, and he is fully determined to seek God, and with His help, to be as he is in all times to come.

My mother was full of anecdotes ; the following she used to relate.

Once as Mr. E——, when in connexion with the late Mr. Wesley as a travelling preacher, was riding to a town in Ireland where he was to preach in the evening, he was joined by a gentleman travelling to the same place, who desired his company.

Mr. E—— took the first opportunity of introducing religious discourse, upon which his com-

panion said, "I think by your manner of talking you must be a swaddler." (This term of reproach originated in the following circumstance:—Soon after the introduction of Methodism into Ireland, the late Mr. John Cennick was preaching in Dublin on a Christmas day. His text was Luke xi. 12. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." A drunken fellow who was listening at the door to pick up something by which he might ridicule this new religion, which had not yet obtained a name, he, hearing the word *swaddle* often repeated, ran along the street, exclaiming with great vulgarity, "O! these people are swaddlers! They are swaddlers!" The name quickly took, and became the badge of opprobrium through the kingdom.)

"I am, Sir," replied Mr. E——.

The traveller expressed his surprise, and said,

"You appear to be a man of sense, and I am amazed that such a person can be a swaddler, for I understand that the whole sect maintain that

uncharitable tenet that none but swaddlers can be saved."

"Sir," said Mr. —, "that is very true; we do maintain it; and if you will do me the honour to come and hear me this evening, I think I can prove the point to your satisfaction." On which the stranger declared that he thought it impossible.

This gave occasion for Mr. E—— to display one of the principal traits of his character, viz., a great readiness in the application of something striking, founded on the occurrence of the day.

When the hour arrived, the gentleman being present, he read for his text the following words from Ezekiel xvi. 4: "Thou wast not swaddled at all." From which, by accommodation, he particularly investigated the miserable state of man, who, after all his attempts to cover himself with a righteousness of his own, is not "swaddled" at all—not clothed, but as exposed as ever. After this, in his own energetic style, he insisted on the necessity of the Saviour's righteousness for the

justification of guilty sinners. The traveller was much pleased with the ingenuity of the thought, and afterwards came to Mr. E——, saying,

“You have indeed proved your point; and I join you in the belief, that none but swaddlers can be saved.”

Another anecdote of a young officer in the army of Olivér Cromwell.

It was the command of Cromwell that each of his soldiers should carry a Bible about him, and of course this officer did, though he had not religion enough to read it: but after one desperate engagement, in which it seems the party he was in was worsted, he perceived the outside of his coat to be shot through. He was not, however, wounded, but by the place shot, he found that if the ball had entered him it must have been in a part of his thigh, that would in all probability have proved mortal. But where could the ball go?

Upon examining his Bible, he found it, and that it had pierced through the leaves till it reached Eccles., xi. 9. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know this, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." This circumstance was ordered in providence for great good to his soul. It struck him so to the heart that it was the means of his conversion, and he became a very godly man. He used to say the Bible saved his body as well as his soul from death.

An Anecdote.

WARMTH IN ARGUMENT.

Lord Shaftesbury, in his *Characteristics*, relates the story of a clown who was present at the debates of the doctors of the university of Oxford. Though he was equally a stranger to the subjects

of language, he seemed to listen with great attention, and to receive much pleasure from them. A gentleman commoner who stood near him and observed the emotions expressed in his countenance, enquired what amusement he could find in hearing such disputes, since it was impossible that he should even know to which side the victory inclined. "Sir," replied the clown, "I am not such a fool as you imagine me to be. I can easily see who is first put into a passion." Common sense first dictated this observation to the countryman, that he who was superior in argument, would maintain his composure of mind, whilst his antagonist would naturally become violent and angry, because unable to support his cause by the force of reason.

AN ANECDOTE.

A society of gentlemen, most of them possessed of a liberal education and refined manners, but who unhappily had been seduced from a belief in the

sacred Scriptures, used to assemble alternately in each others' houses on the banks of the Tweed, for the purpose of ridiculing revelation, and hardening each other in their infidelity. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible; and to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles, and disquieting to their consciences. The time was fixed, a large fire was prepared, a Bible was laid upon the table, and a flowing bowl stood ready to drink its dirge.

For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task, and after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking resolutely forward to put it into the fire—but happening to give it a look, all at once he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and his whole frame seemed con-

vulsed. He returned to the table, and laying down the Bible, said with strong asseveration, "We will not burn that book till we get a better."

A Short Account of GALILEO, generally reputed to be the Inventor of the Telescope, in which is shown the Bigotry and Tyranny of the Ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome.

A lucky incident is said to have led to the discovery of that admirable instrument the telescope, and to have effected what philosophy might have sought for in vain. The children of one Zachariah Jansen, a spectacle maker of Middleburgh, in Holland, being at play in their father's shop, happened by chance to place a convex and a concave glass in such a manner that in looking through them at the weathercock of the church, it appeared nearer, and much larger than usual. The surprise they expressed at this circumstance exciting their father's curiosity, he examined the

same object himself, and finding what the children said to be true, improved the hint by fixing the glasses on a board, that they might be always ready for observation.

A discovery attended with so many obvious advantages could not be long kept a secret. The news was soon conveyed to the learned throughout Europe. Galileo was at Venice when he first heard of the discovery ; and being informed that by the combination of two glasses the apparent magnitude of objects might be considerably augmented, he soon discovered the whole secret. Instead of the board employed by Jansen, he made use of a tube ; and at his first essay produced an instrument which made the diameter of objects appear three times greater than to the naked eye. At his next trial he magnified the diameter of objects about eight times, and soon after thirty times, which is nearly the greatest perfection that this kind of telescope is capable of.

When upon his knees before an assembly of

haughty, ignorant bigots, renouncing by their compulsion those truths which nature and his own conscience affirmed to be incontrovertible, was a spectacle that cannot be thought of without indignation and abhorrence. Cardinal Bellarmine, one of his judges, had before threatened him with the vengeance of the church if he should presume to propagate his heretical opinions any longer, either by discourse or writing ; and as Galileo had not paid an implicit obedience to this mandate, he was now proceeded against as a despiser of civil as well as sacred authority ; and was accordingly sentenced to be confined in the prison of the Inquisition during the pleasure of his inquisitors.

This sentence, however, was afterwards changed into the milder one of being confined in the small village of Ocetry in Tuscany during his life. Here he pursued his studies with as much avidity as ever, and made several new discoveries and improvements in his favourite science ; but soon after this, while he was engaged in his observations on

the moon, he was suddenly deprived of his sight, and the heavens being now shut upon him, the book of nature was no longer subject to his inspection. His age advancing, and his infirmities increasing, the grave at length received him from his persecutors. He was buried in the tomb of his ancestors, and his name was transmitted to posterity, with the fame he had so justly acquired.

Thus was Galileo, and, by his means, mankind, in possession of a new organ of power and perception, by which we are enabled to subject things to our observation, which by their smallness or distance would have escaped the senses. Some persons give the invention of the telescope to Jansen. But if he be the real author of an invention, who, from the knowledge of the cause on which it depends, deduces one principle from another till he arrives at the end proposed, the whole merit of the discovery is due to Galileo.

The discoveries he made by means of this instrument were new and surprising. When he

first saw the moon through it, he was struck with the singularity of its appearance, which was that of being full of cavities and roughnesses, resembling valleys and mountains. Being free from the prejudices of the times, he soon discovered a striking similitude between her and the earth.

This is what Milton finely alludes to, when he describes the shield of Satan, in *Paradise Lost*.

“The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.”

The sun which had generally been considered as a globe of pure fire, was observed to be sullied with a number of dark spots which appeared upon different parts of its surface. A great number of new stars were discovered in every part of the heavens. The planet Jupiter was found to be

attended with four moons ; the phases of Venus appeared like the monthly phases of the moon ; and, in short, every observation he made, furnished him with a new proof in favour of the Copernican system.

Galileo was now in the seventieth year of his age, and, but for the persecution of those who ought to have cherished and revered him, his life might have been as happy to himself as it was beneficial to mankind. In the midst of his researches and discoveries, which he prosecuted with the greatest assiduity, he was summoned before the Tribunal of the Inquisition, as a man of the most obnoxious and dangerous principles ; and on the 22nd June, 1663, the following *arrêt* was pronounced against him by seven cardinals, who were appointed his judges, and may be considered as a curious specimen of Catholic infallibility : “To maintain that the sun is fixed and immovable in the centre of the universe is an absurd proposition, unphilosophical, and heretical, since it is contrary

to the testimony of scripture. It is equally absurd to affirm, that the earth is not immovably fixed in the centre, and theologically considered, this belief is equally erroneous with the former." After this the following abjuration was dictated to him, which he was obliged to sign or suffer: "I, Galileo, in the seventieth year of my age, being on my knees, and having my hands upon, and my eyes directed to the holy Gospels, with a sincere heart and faith, adjure, renounce, and detest these errors, heresies, and absurdities."

The celebrated Gesmeter Vioiani, who had been one of his most favourite pupils, showed a zeal for the glory of this great man, that is without example. The most tender and dutiful child could not have a greater affection for his parents, than he had for his illustrious master. He considered it as the pride of his life that he had been one of his best disciples; and when Louis XIV. gave him a pension, and appointed him one of the Foreign Associates of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris,

he built a house at Florence, and, after paying a tribute of gratitude to the French monarch, erected a magnificent monument to his beloved master, Galileo.

An Anecdote.

FRATERNAL PIETY.

In the year 1585, the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very rich and flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. On board of one of these vessels there were no less than 1,200 souls,—mariners, passengers, priests, and friars. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous; but not many days after, through the perverseness of the pilot, the ship struck on a rock, and instant death began to stare them all in the face. In this distress the captain ordered the pinnace to be launched; into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped himself, with nineteen

others, who with their swords, prevented the coming of any more, lest the boat should sink. Thus scantily equipped, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them. At the end of four or five days the captain died with sickness; and they were obliged, to prevent confusion, to elect one of their company to command them. This person proposed to them to draw lots, and cast every fourth man overboard, their small stock of provision being now so far spent, as not to be able, at very short allowance, to sustain life above three days longer. To this they agreed; so that there were four to die out of their unhappy number, the captain, a friar, and a carpenter being exempted by general consent. The lots being cast, three of the first submitted to their fate, after they had confessed and received absolution. The fourth victim was a Portuguese gentleman who had a younger brother in the boat;

who, seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought him to let him die in his room ; enforcing his arguments by telling him “that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him for support ; whereas he himself was single, and his life of no great importance :” he therefore conjured him to suffer him to supply his place, assuring him that he would rather die for him, than live without him. The elder brother, astonished, and melting with his generosity, replied “that, since Divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him ; but especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged.” The younger, however, persisting in his refusal, would take no denial ; but throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage him. Thus they disputed awhile ; the elder bidding him to be a

father to his children, and recommending his wife and children to his protection; but all he could say could not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every human breast with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his stead, who, being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand. This being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword; then dropping into the sea, he presently regained his hold with his left hand, which received the same fate, by a second blow. Thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift, notwithstanding to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps which he held bleeding upwards. This moving spectacle so stung the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, "he is but one man; let us endeavour to save him!" Accordingly he was taken into the boat,

where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances would permit.

They then continued rowing all night; and the next morning when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man, they descried land; which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique, in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony; thither they all safely arrived; where they remained till the next ship from Lisbon passed by, and took them to Goa. At that city, Linschoten a writer of good credit, assures us he himself saw them land, supped with the two brothers that very night, beheld the younger, with his two stumps, and had the story from their own mouths.

My bereaved father soon followed my mother, both dying in the full assurance of a blessed and bright eternity, after spending forty-five years, more or less together in this world.

They had indeed spent their lives well, hopefully and piously, and had trained up their children in the road to salvation, and had lived to see them prosper.

My mother often spoke of a "house with many mansions," now she is there in that holy place robed in the robe of righteousness, and washed in the blood of Jesus.

I will just relate a little anecdote of my father.

After mother died he thought he should like to come to London, and did so, setting up a little shop, with me to assist him, but on the Sabbath people used to knock at the closed door to buy, telling father that unless he opened on Sundays he'd lose all his custom.

I asked him what he would do, though I knew how he would answer me.

"No! my girl," said he, "I never will, I never served the devil in my young days, and I won't begin now."

He soon left London as from a pestilence, and in 1850, being the following year, he died.

All the old people of Wawne are dead long since, but the goodly little village remains a memento of early and happy days.

And here I bid farewell to dear old Yorkshire, and my dear loved relations, and the reminiscences of my young days appending this moral to my tale :

NEVER FLINCH FROM THAT WHICH CONSCIENCE
DECLARES TO BE A DUTY.

Though no one has met with more kindness than myself, success in life is due to the practice of this advice.

And though many trials and afflictions have crossed my path at one time or another, I have not embittered my existence with unavailing regrets, though sometimes I think of what I might have been. At least once in our lives we all have a great chance of happiness ; but alas ! we grasp at the shadow, and lose the substance.

My motive in writing this is simply to show that much good can be effected by early training in religion, and that whatever station in life we are called to fulfil, we may be useful in it; and that it is to our own interests to aim at good, and to do good, for we shall meet with a priceless reward.

If this tale exerts some little influence upon any who may peruse it, or does any little good at all, the writer is thankful, her object is accomplished.

Reader, farewell!

FINIS.

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